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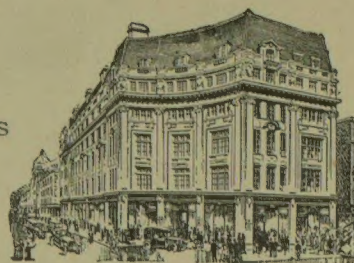
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Gabardine Outside, Tweed Inside



THE DUAL ON FINE DAYS
Tweed Outside, Gabardine Inside

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1925.

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THE GREATEST FILM COMEDIAN IN THE WORLD: CHARLIE CHAPLIN—"BOWLER" AND ALL—AS A PROSPECTOR, IN "THE GOLD RUSH," AT THE TIVOLI.

Charlie Chaplin, who is at the top of his form in his new picture, "The Gold Rush," now drawing crowded houses to the Tivoli, is not only the greatest of film comedians; he is probably the best-known of living figures, in his exterior professional aspect. As Mr. St. John Ervine says: "He has made the whole world laugh." Some interesting facts about Mr. Chaplin's early career are given in the programme of "The Gold Rush." When he

entered the film world he was just over twenty, but was already well known in England as a juvenile comedian, and was by no means poor. His outstanding personality soon asserted itself, and he became from the first "the biggest man in the comedy line." His "greatest problem in his early picture days was his struggle to be allowed to portray his parts and ideas as he felt them. He fought to wear the baggy trousers and the battered hat."



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE quarrel that arose in Limehouse, about the proposal to move a number of poor people from what the official called slums and they called homes, seems to me a rather important historical event. It seems to me much more important than the events with which the place would probably (at present at least) be associated in histories, to say nothing of novels. We all know how Limehouse came to be a sort of variation of Billingsgate. It was a political occasion; and I should not particularly object to it because it was abusive, if I could feel convinced that it was genuinely abusive. We all know how Limehouse came to be a sort of variation of Chinatown. And, in the same way, nobody would object to Chinatown if it were really a part of China. But I rather fancy that the first association was made by newspapers, and the second by novels. A real mob is sadly rare in modern politics; and I doubt whether a real mob listened to that modern politician. A real Chinaman is equally rare in our modern cities; I suspect that he is becoming rare even in Chinese cities. And by a real Chinaman I mean a remote and romantic and fantastical Chinaman, with a yellow face, a blue lantern, a gown decorated with dragons, and a house comfortably fitted out with tortures. I do not know how many of him there are left in the Chinese Empire; I gravely fear that but few of him are left in the Chinese quarter. I doubt if one would stumble into an opium den at the very first step down the High Street of Limehouse, even if Limehouse is a Chinese quarter. I fancy one would have to take quite a lot of trouble to get tortured, like one trying to get shaved on Sunday; and certainly much more trouble than it takes to get drunk in America. In short, I doubt whether Limehouse consists entirely of the sort of lime called quicklime and is one horrible white furnace for the consuming of corpses. I repeat that I do not think it is so yellow as it is painted, even considered as a Chinese quarter. But just recently events have appeared in the papers which prove to my great joy that Limehouse is not a Chinese quarter, but a most exhilaratingly English quarter.

I have always regretted that we, who so often boasted of meaner things, lost sight of that old boast that an Englishman's house is his castle. I should be unaffectedly pleased if it really looked like a castle—if each of the little villas in Jubilee Avenue, Lower Tooting, were crowned with a row of little battlements or small castellated turrets. It would be far more sensible than calling the houses by names like Pine Crag or Bracken Mere. For the castellated outline does at least symbolise a truth which is in some ways true of the soul of the suburban gentleman living there; but he does not desire, with his soul any more than his body, to cling for ever to a crag or even to find a large lake lying about on the premises. But he does like to be left alone, because he is very English and therefore very romantic. I for one should love to have a real moat round my house, with a little drawbridge which could be let down when I really like the look of the visitor. I do not

think I am a misanthrope. I am only an Englishman—that is, an islander—and one so very insular that he would like even his house to be an island. Shakespeare looked on the sea round England as if it were the moat round a castle. I should like to look at the moat round my castle as if it were the sea round England; to snuff up its breezes; to shade my eyes that I might faintly perceive the further shore. Perhaps there is the very faintest and most delicate tinge of exaggeration in all this. But I do quite seriously prefer my castle, my moat and drawbridge to the modern notion that humanity becomes more human by herding in a homeless fashion like the beasts that perish, by drifting about in packs like wolves, or being driven like sheep. I do not know whether I despise that drifting more when it is done by plutocrats who lounge about in large hotels or by Socialists who yearn after communal kitchens. But I do know that I am much more indignant at it when it is a case not of drifting but of driving. I do

that a new house is always the same as an old house, to anybody however poor, is folly. To assume that a flat half a hundred feet up in the air is always the same as a piece of ground, on which a man can grow flowers or keep chickens, is madness.

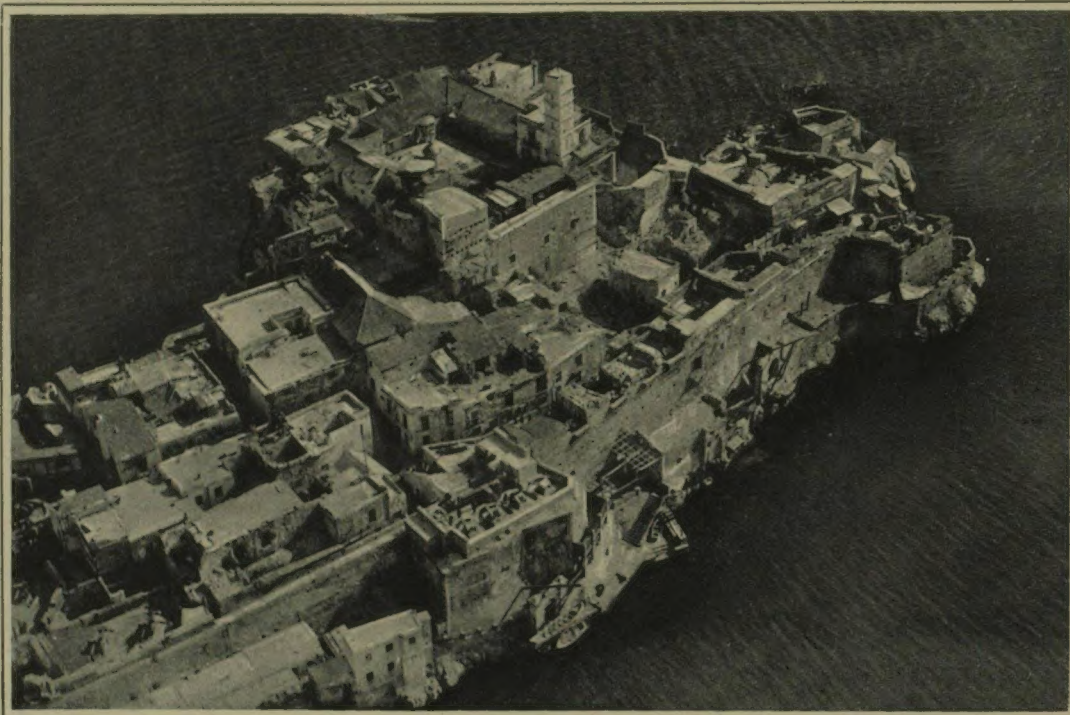
I have always disliked the tone in which we talk about the Housing of the Poor. After all, we do not talk about the Housing of the Rich. In dealing with the educated classes, we remember the intelligent idea—that a house comes second to a man, that it is made by a man to suit a man. I have always felt that it was as if we were to talk of sweeping reforms in the Hating of the Poor. We should know at once that somebody was handing out other people's hats without much consideration for other people's heads—and perhaps without much use of his own.

Now it is the importance of Limehouse that all this talk about housing did really produce a little

Limehousing. The man did stand up in some belated fashion for his last choice in the shape of a hat, even if it was a very old hat—even if it was what his critics call a shocking bad hat. In the conditions of the modern town, it was necessarily rather a negative than a positive choice. But if the man was not fighting for the hat he had made, he was at least fighting for the hat he had got used to. And he was at least entitled to fight a man who simply and suddenly knocked his hat off, telling him that he would soon be able to come under a vast parochial parasol.

It is as natural to provide a hundred huts for soldiers as to provide a hundred hats for soldiers. That is because the hats are, as their name implies, uniform, and because the soldiers are on the march; but they are marching somewhere. The whole modern proletariat is on the march; but it is marching nowhere. When we talk of housing them we only mean finding them huts for the night with no real notion of what will happen next day. Now we have no business to be thus

reconciled to the nomadism of our democracy by any such counsel of despair. We ought to be acting on the ancient and sane assumption that human beings will not only want houses but homes. That is, they will want final and permanent houses, houses really attached to the ground, that are not merely houses on stilts any more than houses on wheels. Then alone will any large section of the populace begin to show, over and above the admirable virtues they are always showing, the particular virtues we are always demanding. Then alone will there be any real chance for thrift and economic enthusiasm, and the work that goes beyond working hours. I do not complain that such houses are not immediately found for everybody, for I know the problem is difficult; I do not complain that such homes are not springing up everywhere, for I know they take time to grow. What I complain of is that when the home already exists, when the virtues of the home are rooting themselves in spite of everything, we let any casual and callous bureaucrat tear them up by the root.



AFTER IT HAD BEEN BOMBARDED BY THE RIFFIAN ARTILLERY FROM THE ADJACENT COAST: THE SPANISH FORTIFIED ISLAND OF PENON IN THE BAY OF ALHUCEMAS—AN AIR-VIEW FROM A LOW ALTITUDE.

The Spanish fortified island of Penon, lying in the Bay of Alhucemas close to the Riffian coast, was bombarded by the Moorish artillery shortly before the Spanish landing in Cebadilla Bay. The above photograph was taken from an aeroplane flying at a height of about 100 ft., on September 6, shortly after the bombardment, which was reported to have done some damage and to have caused casualties, including fatal wounds to the Spanish Colonel in command of the garrison.

know I am most indignant of all when rich people, who cannot appreciate their own homes, drive poor people out of the homes that they do appreciate.

Now Limehouse is being defended as if it really were a house. Perhaps it is the last house left in a horrible civilisation of hotels. The point about the official attempt to shift the Limehouse people from hovels that they do like to barracks that they don't like is that it really assumes that such people have no likes or dislikes in such matters. It assumes that the poor have not only become paupers but become tramps. It assumes that nomadism is normal to the working classes of the world to-day. But even when it is normal in practice it is not yet normal in principle; and people can be homeless and yet not without the love of home. Poor people prove this by attaching themselves with strong local affections to very unpromising or unsatisfactory premises; but anyone who declares war on those affections is waging a hopeless war. He is trying to destroy habit—that is, to destroy humanity. To act on the assumption

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FRENCH AIR RAIDS IN MOROCCO: BOMBS ON SHESHUAN AND AJDIR.



SHOWING THE SMOKE OF BURSTING BOMBS DROPPED FROM AEROPLANES ON A MOORISH TOWN: AN AIR-VIEW OF SHESHUAN DURING AN ATTACK BY FRENCH AIRCRAFT; AND (IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND) OLD SPANISH BARRACKS.



ABDEL KRIM'S HEADQUARTERS NEAR ALHUCEMAS BAY DURING A FRENCH AIR-RAID: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM AN AEROPLANE, SHOWING THREE BOMBS BURSTING AMONG THE BUILDINGS SCATTERED ON THE HILLS.

French aircraft have played an important part in the campaign against the Riffs in Morocco. As a French writer says: "The airmen have not confined themselves to co-operating with the troops in battle, by bombing the enemy lines and rear. They have also carried out a series of long-distance raids into the heart of the Riffian territory. Their two principal objectives were Sheshuan and Ajdir. On several occasions, squadrons of big aeroplanes carrying 200-kilo bombs have flown over Sheshuan and caused havoc which can be

estimated from the air photographs which were taken during the attacks. The first air-raid on Abdel Krim's headquarters at Ajdir took place on September 6, and was carried out by thirty aeroplanes, all piloted by volunteers. Each machine carried twelve bombs. They set out in groups, beginning at six o'clock in the morning. Before noon all the machines had returned. They had dropped bombs on Ajdir and on trenches and batteries along the coast, which were clearly visible from a height of 3500 ft."

PERSONAL PORTRAITS—BY WALTER TITTLE. LADY MARGARET SACKVILLE.

NEAR the foot of Tite Street, but a few steps from Cheyne Walk, stands one of the most charming houses in London. It is the famous White House, built by Godwin for Whistler, though for financial reasons, regrettably, the latter's occupancy of it was of short duration. I can imagine no more delightful habitat for an artist, with its two large studios, its quaint and cosy irregularities disposing its ample space in a manner eminently adapted to comfort, and its charming walled garden, with a fountain in its centre, surrounded by a sheltered colonnade and servants' quarters as quaint as the dairy at Versailles. The present fortunate occupant is possessed of a charm that would dictate just such a setting. She is Miss Anabelle Douglas, an American long resident in England; and before her drawing-room fire and at her table one is sure to meet people as interesting as London has to offer.

On one of the many occasions when I have enjoyed the hospitality of this delightful *ménage* the two people at luncheon besides our hostess and myself were a well-known novelist and Lady Margaret Sackville. The conversation was largely of a literary nature, Lady Margaret's contributions to it being rather infrequent, but very much to the point. She is possessed of a quiet and retiring manner verging on shyness, and there is a sweetness about her and in the expression of her handsome face that is exceedingly prepossessing. Quite tall, with regular and finely balanced features, very lovely eyes, and blonde colouring, she appears at a glance the aristocrat that she is. Of one of the oldest British families, she is the daughter of the seventh Earl de la Warr. She is possessed of a simplicity of manner that is rarely equalled in any class of society. Her voice is low and of delightful quality, and I enjoyed greatly the leisurely conversation that followed the luncheon in the large living-room.

Some months elapsed before I saw her again. She had been on a prolonged visit to her home in Midlothian, and had returned for a short time to London. I told her of my desire to add a representation of her to the collection of portraits of *litterati* with which I was occupied, and she obligingly appeared at my studio a few days later. I had taken the apartment furnished, and on the walls were numerous canvases of ambitious size—the work of my predecessor in occupancy—that revealed a valiant effort to combine the theories of cubism with a more objective primitivism savouring strongly of Gauguin. Alternating and sometimes combined with a chaos of abstract prismatic forms and colours appeared female nudes, rendered with a primitive intent that manifested itself largely in making these women resemble the hewers of wood and drawers of water who may have succeeded Mr. Darwin's original species at the earliest dawn of civilisation. I could not resist the temptation to wave my hand in the direction of these creations and ask my visitor what she thought of my paintings. I quite regretted my silly facetiousness when I saw in her face a struggle to reconcile truth with mercy, and confessed to her the deception before her judgment was forthcoming.

"I was not planning to perjure myself by praising them," she laughed. "I was merely searching for the least brutal form of disapproval."



WALTER TITTLE'S PORTRAIT OF A DISTINGUISHED POETESS: LADY MARGARET SACKVILLE
AUTHOR OF "A RHYMED SEQUENCE" AND MANY OTHER VOLUMES OF VERSE.

During the sitting my subject talked about various things, including current poetry, dismissing her own beautiful product rather perfunctorily with characteristic modesty. She was interested in hearing about America, saying that she would love to visit it some day, and felt somewhat linked to it in a way, as an ancestor of hers had been connected with the founding of the State of Delaware, its name being derived from that of her family.

"Nothing could be simpler, it seems to me, than the arrangement of such a visit, and with profit to you," I said. "The lecture market is a most lucrative one in our country; and who could come with better propaganda for such an activity than you? You should be greeted as a sort of national heroine, bearing the family name of de la Warr; the reading of your poems would be a strong attraction aside from that; and then, too, in our country titles are sufficiently rare to make them an object of rather lively curiosity. He would be a poor Press agent indeed, who would

fail to achieve success for you with all this material in hand."

"It sounds most alluring," she smiled. "Poetry pays very badly, you know. Perhaps the lectures would do much better."

Miss Douglas joined us at luncheon, and the short remainder of the afternoon being insufficient for the completion of our sketch, it was concluded on the following day. That evening Lady Margaret departed for Scotland, where most of her working time is spent, and occasionally during the winter I had news of her activities there.

She was hard at work writing the text for a pageant to celebrate some historical event—"A Masque of Edinburgh," she called it—the series of episodes enumerated in the prospectus that she sent me ranging from the earliest Roman occupation of the place down to the present day. Lady Margaret herself appeared as The Spirit of the Masque in its prologue and epilogue.

Later, I had from her a volume of her exquisite verse, with the amusing injunction not to read more of it than I found palatable, which proved impossible, as the end of the book arrived with a growing keenness of my appetite for fancy so delicately conceived and presented with such exquisite artistry.

Again recently, after the passing of a year and a half, fortune favoured me with additional glimpses of this charming lady. Absorbing discussions of principles governing the arts alternated with talk of a lighter kind over luncheon and dinner, and her splendidly developed sense of humour afforded me the keenest delight.

A visit to the South Kensington Museum resulted from a disagreement over the merits and demerits of the Empire as a period of design, and I was forced to protest that the donor of the extensive collection housed there, and representing this time, was the ablest of allies in supporting her condemnation of this style of decoration.

Admiring greatly the exquisite remnant of the Pindar house in the great front hall, Lady Margaret indulged in a game of make-believe, appropriating it as her own to be filled with other treasures that she liked in the museum's collection. Naturally, the Empire was not represented, but her selections assumed such formidable proportions that she was forced to include the entire museum building as an annexe to receive the overflow.

Her first scheme was to enter the building at night and carry away the choicest treasures; she referred to this as a sort of applied criticism that would carry with it its own proof of sincerity. Its effectiveness as criticism might be enhanced, she added, by smashing such objects as offended the eye most, including the Empire collection; and, in view of the average of quality of the latter, I volunteered to lend an aiding axe.

Her plan was confided to one of the curators of the institution who happened to be an acquaintance of mine; she was met with the fullest sympathy and approval, but also with a scepticism as to its probable success based upon statistics about guards, and other slight obstacles, that caused the scheme to be abandoned.

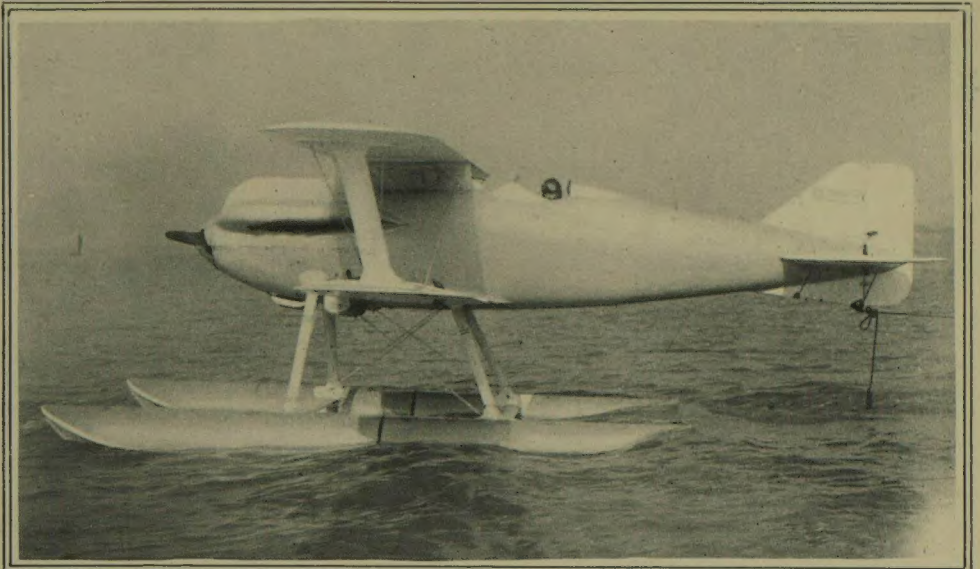
WALTER TITTLE.

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEW ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY T. KENT (KIRKWALL), C.N., KEYSTONE, TOPICAL, AND CENTRAL PRESS.



THE BRITISH "MYSTERY" SEAPLANE ENTERED FOR THE SCHNEIDER CUP: THE SUPERMARINE NAPIER "S4" (PILOTED BY CAPTAIN H. C. BIARD) TAKING OFF FOR A SPEED TEST.



ONE OF THE TWO BRITISH SEAPLANES ENTERED FOR THE SCHNEIDER CUP IN AMERICA: THE GLOSTER-NAPIER III., WITH HER PILOT (MR. HUBERT BROAD) AT FELIXSTOWE.



HORSE-RACING IN THE HEART OF AN ITALIAN CITY: THE HISTORIC PALIO IN THE PIAZZA OF SIENA—A COMPETITOR FALLS WHILE ROUNDING A CORNER.

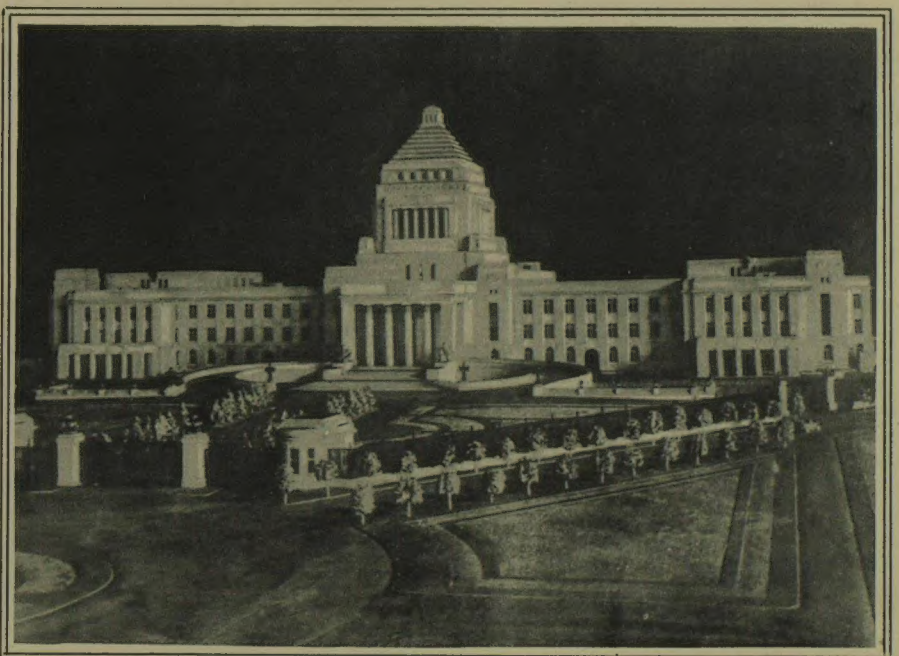


COLCHESTER'S LADY MAYOR OPENS THE OYSTER FISHERY SEASON: DAME CATHERINE HUNT HAULING IN THE FIRST DREDGE.



RECENTLY DESTROYED BY FIRE: THE JAPANESE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, WHICH HAD ESCAPED DESTRUCTION IN THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE OF 1923, AT TOKIO.

Two British seaplanes have been entered for the race for the Schneider International Seaplane Cup, to be held in America next month. They are the Supermarine Napier "S4" and the Gloster-Napier III., piloted respectively by Captain H. C. Biard and Mr. Hubert Broad. The Supermarine Napier "S4," built for the Air Ministry, is known as the "mystery" monoplane, as the utmost secrecy was observed during its construction, and its design is revolutionary.—At Siena is held every year a horse-race called the Palio (from an embroidered banner given as the prize) run in the Piazza. The event forms part of a great



THE DESIGN FOR THE NEW JAPANESE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT NOW IN COURSE OF ERECTION: AN IMPOSING SCHEME RESEMBLING THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.

pageant in mediæval costume. It was in abeyance during the war and was revived in 1920.—The Colne Oyster Fishery was opened in Pyefleet Creek, on September 17, by Dame Hunt, Mayor of Colchester, with the quaint traditional ceremony. She ate the first oyster, handed to her by Sir Laming Worthington-Evans, Secretary for War. The Town Clerk read an ancient proclamation, and the King's health was toasted in gin.—The Japanese Houses of Parliament at Tokio were burnt down on September 18, the damage done being about £100,000. A new Parliament House is being built.

NATURE'S "CLEAN SLATE" ON KRAKATOA: NEW FLORA AND FAUNA ON ISLANDS STERILISED BY VOLCANIC ERUPTION.

By W. DOCTERS VAN LEEWEN, of the Botanic Gardens, Buitenzorg, Java.

IN the month of August forty-two years ago the small group of islands forming the so-called Krakatoa group, lying in the middle of the Sunda Strait, between Java and Sumatra, was devastated by one of the most violent volcanic outbursts of historic times. The tremendous outburst of August 26, 1883 was felt almost over the whole earth. The sound of the explosions was even heard in Ceylon and Australia; and in Batavia, about 100 miles from Krakatoa, window-panes rattled and the houses trembled. The whole neighbourhood was covered with hot ashes and stones over a distance of more than twenty miles. Verbeek, the Dutch geologist, who has published an extensive treatise on this subject, estimates the total amount of material thrown out from Krakatoa at more than four cubic miles. This loss of material undermined the island, and part of it, with the surrounding sea-floor, fell in and formed a huge gap, into which the sea streamed, bursting out again over the edge of the opening. This caused the forming of tremendous waves, more than 120 ft. high, which broke repeatedly on the flat coasts of Sumatra and Java, and rolled farther and farther, even round the whole world. The low coasts of the Sunda Strait were totally devastated; all the villages of this poorly-populated country were swept away, and more than 30,000 people perished in the disaster.

More than half of the island of Krakatoa was blown away, the mountain was cut into two, and from the top down to the sea-level there is now an almost vertical wall. Where formerly were hills

all forms of life should be wrought by man or achieved by human ingenuity. For not only was there absolute annihilation of all that lived, but, in addition, the entire surface was shrouded with a thick layer of burning hot ashes, so that it may be said that the soil was sterilised.

Botanists especially have paid much attention to this experiment of Nature. The zoologists came much later, and did not study the beginnings of the

plants had vastly increased. Whereas Treub found in all twenty-six species of higher plants, Penzig mentions sixty-five, and Ernst 108. In 1919 I went myself for the first time to Krakatoa, and found a great number of plants not mentioned in the work of Ernst, making a total of 272 species. The following formations had appeared: the beach-association, littoral trees, the grass-steppe, and the beginning of a young forest containing only a few tree-species in the ravines and here and there in the grass-steppes, forming small islands of trees in the high grasses. This was also the first time the summit of the mountain, 2700 ft. high, was reached by a naturalist, and during this visit it was found that the vegetation of ferns, which, at the time of Treub's visit were growing near the beach, was now almost restricted to the highest parts of the mountain. Further research revealed that the formation of young forests was going on rapidly, and on the trees a rich growth of epiphytes (such as orchids), besides ferns and mosses, was developing.

The first zoologist who reached the islands (in 1908) was Edward Jacobson. He found many animals of different orders; and during the latest visit of research, by Dammerman, a great number of new animals was discovered. Even big pythons, and a crocodile of more than 12 ft. long, were captured; and especially remarkable was the discovery of true

land-snails, since these animals were believed to be unable to spread over the sea. The fauna was especially rich in spiders and ants, and the occurrence of numerous myriapods and scorpions was often very disagreeable for the visitors. The study of the fauna and flora is now still in the hands of Dutch scientists, who visit the islands at regular intervals. Excursions into the interior of the islands are rather difficult, as the vegetation is so luxuriant that it is only possible to cross the islands by cutting a path. On Verlaten Island a stretch of three miles was cut in four days' hard labour, and the steaming heat of the climate makes mountain-climbing very strenuous. Moreover, a road made a year ago became totally overgrown and closed, and has had to be reopened.

By a law of the Netherlands Indian Government, the islands of the Krakatoa group are now declared a reserve and a natural monument; only scientists are permitted to visit the islands and collect materials for scientific research. It will take years and years of diligent study before the phenomena presented by Nature in this unique locality can be studied thoroughly. In particular, the study of the formation of plant-associations, and the way in which they follow and replace each other, must be the aim of further research.



KRAKATOA AS IT WAS BEFORE THE GREAT ERUPTION OF 1883, WHICH OBLITERATED ALL LIFE—ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE—ON THE ISLANDS: A CONTEMPORARY DRAWING FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."

Reproduced from "The Illustrated London News" of September 8, 1883.

new life that reached the islands. The first botanist who visited them, three years after the eruption, was M. Treub, the famous director of the Botanic Gardens in Buitenzorg (Java). He found only a small number of plants: on the beach the usual pioneers of the flora on young coral islands, the seeds of which are dispersed by ocean currents; higher up, some plants with small, light seeds, distributed by the wind. Moreover, he made the remarkable discovery that the bare surface of the eruptive matter belched forth by the volcano was carpeted with a thin, slimy layer; it proved to consist of blue algæ, which are coated with a viscous layer that easily retains water, and so already contributes to the disintegration, the breaking-up, and withering of the volcanic matter. At the same time this moist coating favoured the development of fern-spores, which were not slow to avail themselves of the chance. Both the blue algæ and the fern-plants were blown across the sea as spores by the wind. Three years after the eruption, the coast of Krakatoa was furnished with littoral plants, and further inland with algæ and ferns. A few grasses and bushes were also seen.

Eleven years later Penzig landed with some other naturalists, including Treub. They found the flora much enriched, and, what was particularly remarkable, plant-communities had already been formed. Plant-communities are groupings of plants often belonging to different families, all adapted in combination and living under special conditions. There was already coastal vegetation, and a kind of grass-steppe had been formed. Moreover, Penzig found several small trees whose seeds are dispersed by fruit-eating birds. When Ernst came in 1906, this process of the forming of plant-communities had again made further progress; also the number of



AGAIN TEEMING WITH LUXURIANT VEGETATION, SPRUNG UP SINCE THE ERUPTION COVERED THE ISLAND WITH HOT ASH AND STONES, ANNIHILATING ALL LIFE: KRAKATOA TO-DAY, FROM A SHIP AT SEA.

Photographs by Courtesy of W. Docters van Leeuwen, Botanic Gardens, Buitenzorg, Java.

exceeding 1000 ft. high is now sea more than 1000 ft. deep. What was left of the island was covered with thick layers of ashes and stones, and, as the first visitors stated, the whole fauna and flora had disappeared.

Terrible as were the wounds inflicted by Nature in this catastrophe, yet she is likewise the grand healer. For over forty years she has been engaged in the restoring process, and the visitor who is not a naturalist, deceived by the dense vegetation now again clothing the islands, will fail to imagine and realise how at one time everything was destroyed, and all plants and animals on these islands were annihilated. All is newly clad by a luxuriant flora, and it requires a close inspection of the plants and flowers now existing to realise that the restoring-process is still going on, and that it will take many more years before everything has returned to the old conditions of stability. The Krakatoa eruption may be called a grand experiment of Nature; it is absolutely impossible that such a total destruction of



ONCE MORE OVERGROWN WITH DENSE VEGETATION, WHICH HAS SPREAD NATURALLY SINCE THE GREAT ERUPTION OBLITERATED ALL LIFE AND STERILISED THE SOIL: THE SUMMIT OF KRAKATOA AS IT APPEARS TO-DAY, FROM A LOWER RIDGE.

WHAT NATURE CAN DO IN FORTY YEARS WITH "A CLEAN SLATE."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF W. DOCTERS VAN LEEWEN, OF THE BOTANIC GARDENS, BUITENZORG, JAVA.



GROWN NATURALLY SINCE THE ERUPTION OF 1883 KILLED ALL VEGETATION ON THE ISLAND: A HUGE FIG-TREE IN THE HILLS.



ON THE NEIGHBOURING ISLAND OF VERLATEN, LIKEWISE DEVASTATED BY THE GREAT ERUPTION: A LAKE, WITH FOREST GROWTH.



SPRUNG UP BETWEEN LAYERS OF PUMICE STONE DEPOSITED BY THE ERUPTION: A YOUNG COCONUT TREE.



ONCE MORE COVERED WITH TREES AND VERDURE: THE COAST OF VERLATEN ISLAND, NEAR KRAKATOA, SHOWING A COCONUT PALM.



"A DYING CASUARY FOREST ON THE BEACH": APPARENTLY AN EFFECT OF THE SEA'S ENCROACHMENT ON THE SHORE.

The marvellous revival of *flora* and *fauna* on Krakatoa and the adjacent islands, since the tremendous eruption of 1883 destroyed all vegetable and animal life in the group, is the subject of an interesting article on page 564 of this number, by W. Docters van Leeuwen, one of the distinguished Dutch naturalists of the Botanic Gardens at Buitenzorg, in Java, who have from time to time visited Krakatoa and observed the gradual work of Nature in re-populating the islands with animals and plants. Krakatoa (which is less than five miles across) and Verlaten are

small volcanic islands in the Sunda Strait, about twenty-five miles distant alike from Java and Sumatra. Before the catastrophe they were clothed with luxuriant tropical vegetation, but, as the article explains, the eruption covered it with a thick layer of burning hot ashes and stones, which not only annihilated organic life, but sterilised the soil. On another adjacent islet, Sebesy, some plants and animals probably escaped destruction. On Krakatoa and Verlaten the vegetation revived first, before animal life. There are now thick forests, brushwood, and grass.

A WONDERFUL RESURRECTION ON STERILISED SOIL: KRAKATOA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF W. DOCTERS VAN LEEWEN, OF THE BOTANIC GARDENS, BUITENZORG, JAVA.



A PHASE OF GROWTH FIRST OBSERVED IN 1919, SOME THIRTY-SIX YEARS AFTER THE GREAT ERUPTION OF KRAKATOA: A YOUNG FOREST BORDERING A DRY RIVER-BED.



SPRUNG UP SINCE THE GREAT ERUPTION OF KRAKATOA IN 1883, WHICH DESTROYED ALL VEGETATION AND ANIMAL LIFE ON THE ISLAND: A WILDERNESS OF TALL GRASS AND YOUNG FOREST.



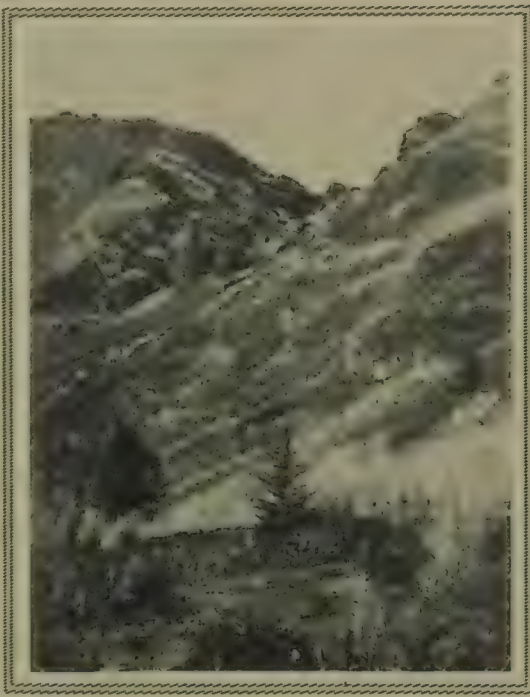
DEVASTATED BY THE VOLCANO, BUT NOW RE-CLOTHED IN ITS GREEN MANTLE BY NATURE'S RECUPERATIVE POWERS: COASTAL VEGETATION AND THE PEAK OF KRAKATOA.



SPARSELY GROWN WITH CASUARY TREES (AUSTRALIAN "SHE-OAKS"): CLIFFS OF KRAKATOA, "AN ALMOST VERTICAL WALL" CLOVEN BY THE GREAT ERUPTION.



SPRUNG FROM SOIL STERILISED BY BURNING VOLCANIC ASH: AN ALMOST IMPENETRABLE JUNGLE OF CLIMBING FERNS.



WHERE "MORE THAN HALF THE ISLAND WAS BLOWN AWAY AND THE MOUNTAIN CUT IN TWO": THE STEEP CONE OF KRAKATOA.



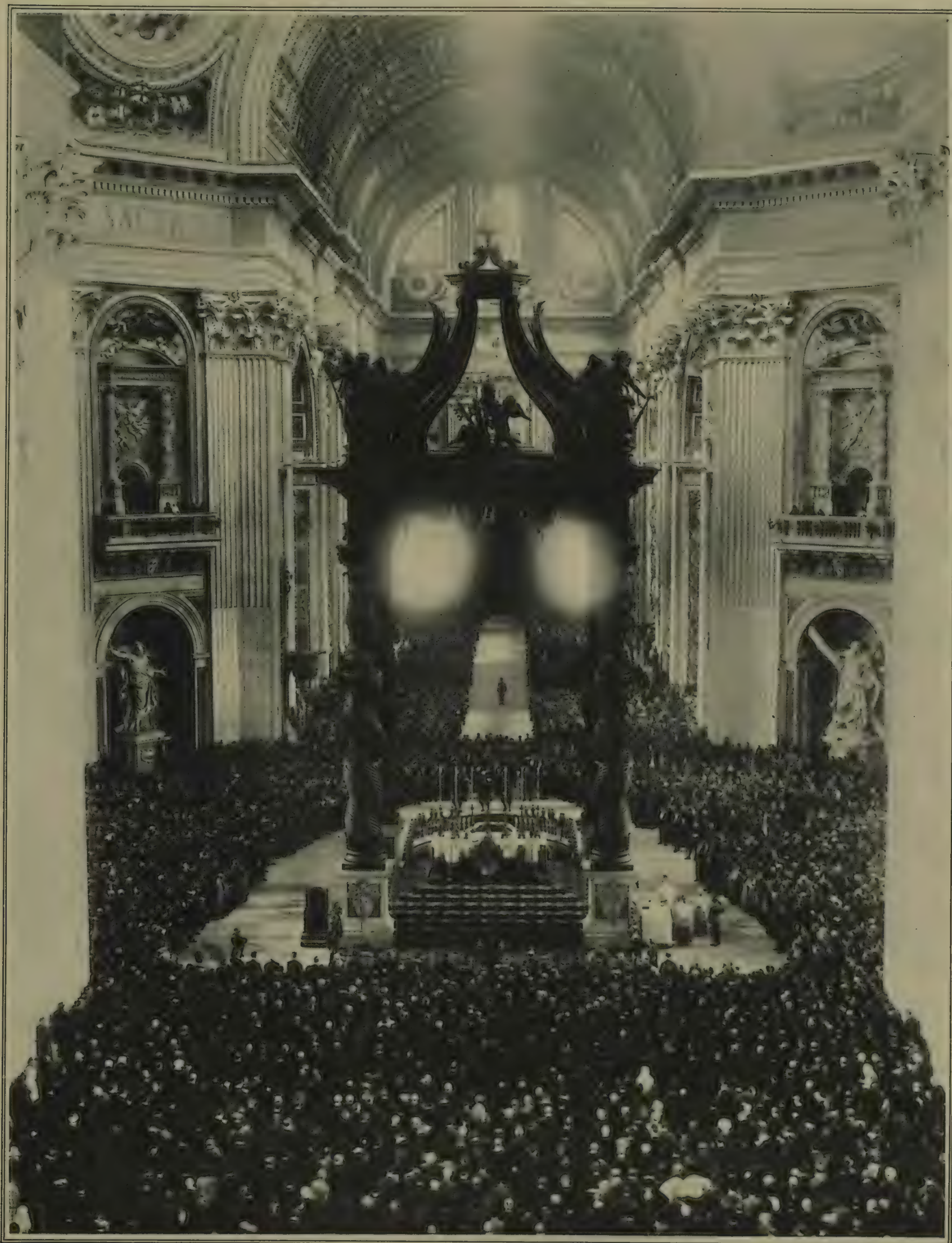
HALF-HIDDEN IN THE TALL GRASS STEPPE BORDERING A CASUARY FOREST: A DUTCH NATURALIST WITH HIS NATIVE ASSISTANT.

The return of organic life to Krakatoa (described in the article on page 564) has afforded biologists an interesting subject of study—that is, the order and rapidity with which animals and plants reach an island devastated or newly risen from the sea through volcanic action. On the authority of Dr. Dammerman, of the Buitenzorg Botanic Garden, Java, the "Times" said recently: "Wholly devastated Krakatoa and Verlaten have now almost as many species of animals as partly devastated Sebesy, the numbers being respectively 573, 325, and 638. Naturally, the great majority of these belong to animals capable of flight. Wind currents are strong in these regions, and the distances not great. The order of

appearance seems to show that many more species came to the islands than were able to establish themselves. . . . The first settlers were doubtless scavengers of decaying vegetable matter; the next, those feeding on living vegetable tissues; and the latest, predaceous and parasitic creatures. . . . In 1908 no terrestrial mammals had reached Krakatoa or Verlaten, but by 1921 a house rat had not only reached Krakatoa, but had spread all over the island. . . . These had probably been brought by man. Two reptiles—a python and a varanus lizard, both strong swimmers . . . had got to Krakatoa by 1908, and two geckos, probably passengers on driftwood, had reached it by 1921."

THE POPE CHEERED IN ST. PETER'S BY FIFTEEN THOUSAND BOY SCOUTS.

PHOTOGRAPH BY COMMENDATORE G. FELICI.



PIUS XI. AND THE GIOVANI ESPLORATORI: BOY SCOUTS OF ALL NATIONS AT A GREAT JUBILEE MASS IN ROME.

One of the most striking occasions of the Holy Year in Rome was the great pilgrimage of Boy Scouts (called in Italian *Giovani Esploratori*) from all parts of Italy, and also from Britain, France, Belgium, Switzerland, Spain, Hungary, the United States, Brazil, Palestine, and elsewhere. The homecoming of the British Empire contingent, which numbered 756, was marred by a sad fatality, as one of them—Scout Thomas Egan, of Shepherd's Bush, was killed by falling from a train between the Italian frontier and Laroche, in France. "It is

estimated," says the "Universe," "that at least 15,000 Scouts from all nations gathered in St. Peter's for the Jubilee Mass. The whole of the nave and the greater part of the transepts was reserved for them. . . . The sounding of the famous silver trumpets was the signal for the solemn entry of the Holy Father, who was carried on the *Sedia Gestatoria*, surrounded by his guards. After his thanksgiving, the Pope was again carried out amidst the loud cheers of the Scouts, and his Holiness was obviously affected by the enthusiasm."

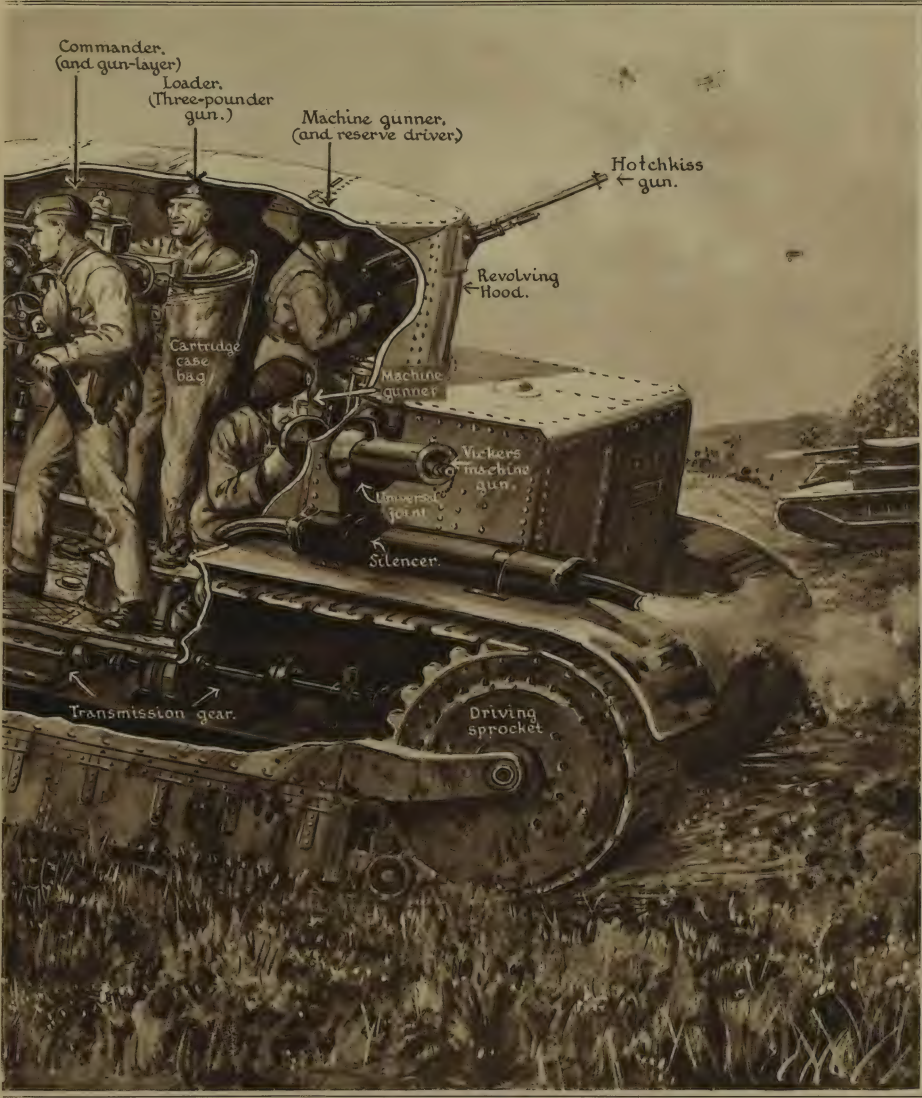
FAR MORE MOBILE THAN THOSE OF THE WAR: A MODERN

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



BRITISH TANK IN "ACTION" IN THE ARMY MANŒUVRES.

H. DAVIS, FROM OFFICIAL INFORMATION.



HOW THE MODERN SOLDIER IN OUR MECHANICALISED ARMY FIGHTS: CONDITIONS

One of the features of this year's Army Manœuvres is the very extensive use of mechanical transport of all kinds and the wonderful strides made in this means of moving an army, developed since the war. The Tanks now serving with the forces engaged in the mimic hostilities are a wonderful advance on anything serving with the troops overseas at the end of the Great War. Whereas the war veterans had a maximum of speed of only five miles an hour, the present Light Tank (as the type illustrated is known in the Army), under favourable conditions, can cover the ground at approximately twenty miles an hour. It is now generally acknowledged that in these weapons of war we lead the world, and the propelling plant (which is naturally a jealously guarded secret) is a wonderful piece of mechanism. The type of Tank illustrated has a length of 17 ft., and is 8 ft. 6 in. broad, and about the same dimensions in

INSIDE ONE OF THE NEW LIGHT TANKS, AS USED IN THE ARMY MANŒUVRES.

height. The main armament consists of a three-pounder quick-firing gun with a secondary armament of Hotchkiss and Vickers machine-guns. The Tank carries a crew of five men as depicted in our illustration, consisting of a driver, gun-layer for the three-pounder (usually the commander), a loader, and two men for the machine-guns, one being a reserve driver. Naturally the space in which the crew have to work is confined, so that, when the Tank is moving rapidly over bad ground, the interior is not exactly a bed of roses. This led to suggestions that Tank crews should wear padded suits in place of khaki overalls, and, while it is not thought necessary to go to this extent, it is believed there is need of better head protection than the ordinary black Tanks Corps cap. Previous head-gear of the crash-helmet type, however, has been too heavy and ill-ventilated for work inside Tank turrets.—(Drawing Copyrighted in U.S. and Canada.)

A "STATELY HOME OF ENGLAND" AS A GOLF CLUB AND COURSE: THE WONDERS OF MOOR PARK.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EDGAR AND WINIFRED WARD. BY COURTESY OF MOOR PARK, LTD.



FORMERLY ONE OF "THE STATELY HOMES OF ENGLAND": THE MOOR PARK COUNTRY CLUB HOUSE—THE SOUTH-WEST FRONT.



WITH A MAGNIFICENT CARVED AND PAINTED CEILING BY CIPRIANI: THE CRYSTAL DINING-ROOM IN THE MOOR PARK COUNTRY CLUB HOUSE



"TOWARDS EVENING IN A MOOR PARK VALLEY": THE BEAUTIFUL COURSE, ONE OF THE THREE



VIEW FROM THE FAIRWAY OF THE ELEVENTH HOLE ON THE "HIGH" 18-HOLE COURSES ON THE ESTATE.



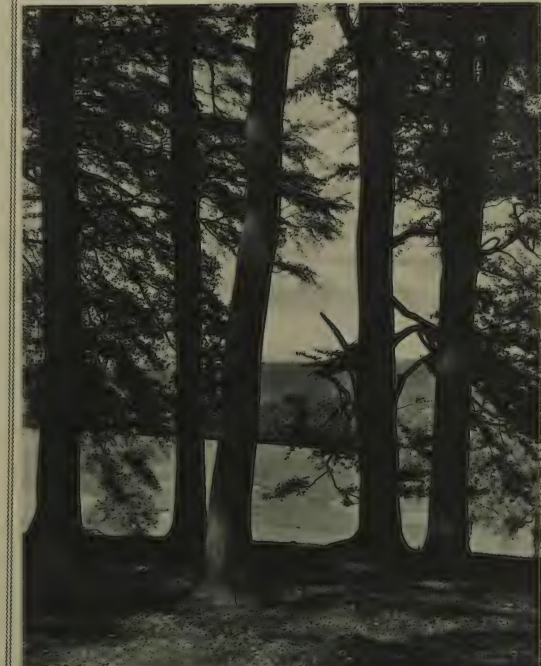
BUNKERS AND GRASSY SLOPES: THE APPROACH TO THE TWELFTH GREEN ON THE "SHORT" COURSE AT MOOR PARK



IN THE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY MANSION OF AN ESTATE FORMERLY ONE OF THE "MIXED" LOUNGES



OWNED BY CARDINAL WOLSEY AND JAMES, DUKE OF MONMOUTH: IN THE CLUB-HOUSE AT MOOR PARK.



GRAND OLD TIMBER IN THE GROUNDS OF MOOR PARK: TREES ON A HILL OVERLOOKING THE ELEVENTH AND TWELFTH HOLES ON THE "HIGH" GOLF COURSE

Moor Park, which is only eighteen miles from the Marble Arch, provides for the jaded Londoner all the delights of country life amid ideal surroundings. The great feature is, of course, the beautiful and historic eighteenth-century mansion which has become the club-house of the Moor Park Country Club. It is unique among club-houses for the stateliness of its exterior and the magnificence of its interior decoration. The history of Moor Park goes back to the fifteenth century, and among its more celebrated owners were Cardinal Wolsey and the ill-fated James, Duke of Monmouth. In 1720, the house was

remodelled for Benjamin Hesketh Styles, of South Sea Company fame, by Giacomo Leoni, who was assisted in its adornment by Sir James Thornhill, the friend of Wren. The Moor Park Country Club appeals in particular to golfers, for it possesses three first-class courses, known respectively as the High, the West, and the Short. The fact that Moor Park has been selected as the scene of the "News of the World" Tournament speaks volumes for the quality of the golf to be obtained there. The club has eight grass and four hard lawn-tennis courts, and affords facilities also for polo, swimming, squash-rackets, badminton, and croquet.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

IN modern letters the mere "man of letters" has no monopoly; in fact, as a separate species he is becoming extinct, for most books (other than novels) are produced nowadays by men of action—soldiers, sailors, statesmen, explorers, sportsmen, and so on. Few people do anything worth mentioning without writing a book about it, and some set out to do things with this express object in view.

That mythical personage, the "historian of the future," who is expected to tackle the subject of the Great War, will have a bigger task than Caesar or Thucydides, for his material has already grown into a vast literature. Besides countless records of actual combatants, there are also those of observers (neutral or otherwise) hardly less valuable, since "lookers-on see most of the game." In this section an honourable place will be reserved for "WITH THE BRITISH BATTLE FLEET," War Recollections of a Russian Naval Officer. By Commodore G. von Schoultz, Commander-in-Chief of the Finnish Navy, Russian Attaché to the Grand Fleet, 1915-1918. (Hutchinson; 24s. net). The book has been well translated by Mr. Arthur Chambers. It contains sixteen illustrations and ten battle diagrams, but it lacks that desirable adjunct—an index.

The author was representative of the Russian Navy with the Grand Fleet from March 1915 until the spring of 1918, was present at Jutland in H.M. *Hercules*, and later was in the *Benbow* and the *Iron Duke*. The *Hercules*, as he records, came out of the battle without a scratch, although she was in the thick of the firing. The most thrilling chapter is that describing the writer's personal experiences during the action. There was a critical moment when some German destroyers discharged torpedoes against the *Hercules*, and it is evident that the author was largely instrumental in saving the ship.

"I do not lower the glasses from my eyes while listening to Clinton Baker's voice through the pipe: 'Schoultz, which way do we turn to avoid the torpedoes?' I can see three approaching us, slightly diverging one from the other. The two on the right are bound to pass astern, and so are not dangerous; but the third—which side ought we to turn? In such moments the brain works with immeasurable speed. . . . The torpedo is coming ahead of our beam, and so I do not hesitate, but shout at once, 'Hard to starboard!' . . . I had fulfilled this task which chance had thrown upon me, and I felt the relief a satisfactory answer in an examination might give. The ship swings sharply to starboard. I lose sight of both the torpedoes astern, and see only the third, now approaching us at an acute angle and very close. A short moment later it has passed us. . . . In such emergencies a man does not act, probably, by cold reason, but by instinct, as in tennis, cricket, and football. There is no time to consider, and yet he succeeds in carrying out a whole series of movements which are necessary for the correct striking of the ball."

I have given this rather long quotation because it seems to me a particularly interesting expression of a naval officer's feelings during an engagement. It is noteworthy, too, that a foreigner should draw a comparison with British national games, and the nature of the comparison itself appears to be a tribute to their value as a training for war. In this connection it may be mentioned that Commodore Schoultz, whose family came to join him in England during the war, sent his sons to school at Haileybury.

His book contains much professional criticism of the naval side of the war in general, and of the Battle of Jutland in particular, which will be interesting to naval men and valuable to that "historian of the future." The author was personally acquainted with most of the leaders, including Admirals Jellicoe and Beatty, and had an audience of the King. He describes various social occasions, visits to London and other places, and his impressions during air-raids. Commodore Schoultz tells a good story about his friend Captain E. La Trobe Leatham, as typical of the *sangfroid* traditional in the British Navy. "After I had been with him two months in the *Iron Duke*, I once asked him where he had lost the little finger of one hand. 'In the Indian Ocean,' he answered, smiling. 'It got crushed in a gun during firing practice. I cut it up with my pocket knife, stuck it on a fish-hook, and fished with it for a long time; but they wouldn't bite. The men were tickled at the idea of a bit of a British Naval officer tempting the fish so little.'"

Our next book illustrates the qualities of the British Army officer, his self-reliance and resource in wild frontier regions, such as the interior of East Africa, and his power of winning the devotion of native soldiers. The book

in question is entitled, "HAVASHI!" Frontier Adventures in Kenya, by Major W. Lloyd-Jones, D.S.O.; with 28 Photographs and a Map (Arrowsmith; 15s. net). Explaining his title, the author says that in British East Africa the cry of "Havashi!" means that the dreaded Abyssinians are on the war-path, for they are known to the Arabs as Havashi (Strangers). Some of them were friendly, and Major Lloyd-Jones was himself in command of the Abyssinian company of the King's African Rifles.

It is curious that this book should have only just appeared, for it describes events some years before the war. They include exciting encounters with lions, buffaloes, elephants, and rhinoceros; but the chief and culminating adventure is the attack led by the Major with his small force on the zariba of some Abyssinian raiders. He himself was severely wounded in the foot, and, thinking they had been defeated, was on the point of putting into practice Kipling's words: "Just roll to your rifle and blow out your brains," when his men came to him with news of victory. Then followed, for him, a terrible 43-days' trek through the bush back to civilisation, during which he suffered

member of the British Government of the day, who was returning from a shooting trip in Kenya, informed me that such a war was quite impossible under present-day conditions. This was in December 1913!"

This book and our next provide conflicting evidence regarding the suitability of Kenya for the European settler. Although he speaks of "the glorious climate of the highlands" and the "beautiful rolling valleys of the slopes of Mount Kenya," Major Lloyd-Jones says later: "In my humble opinion it is very doubtful if Kenya Colony will ever be a white man's country. . . . The Colony lies athwart the Equator, and old Father Sol . . . has never yet allowed pure Europeans to breed and flourish in his own particular domain (the Tropics). . . . For rich *concessionnaires* and men of means, able to employ white managers, and make frequent trips to Europe, the country will, in time, become very remunerative. It is certainly a veritable Paradise for the big-game hunter and the globe-trotter."

A more roseate view of Kenya is conveyed by a chapter on that country in "FIFTY THOUSAND MILES OF SUN," by R. Scotland Liddell, with 15 illustrations from photographs by the author (Cassell; 10s. 6d. net). This racy but rather breathless narrative describes a modern grand tour by the "All-red" route, entirely through British territory, and covering Canada, New Zealand, Fiji, Australia, Burma, Ceylon, India, East and South Africa. The author is a special correspondent, and, while his descriptions are bright and entertaining, some allowance must be made, no doubt, for haste and hustle due to the exigencies of journalism, and a consequent element of superficiality. "The Highlands of Kenya," he says, "are a perfect paradise, a settler's paradise, a sportsman's paradise, a paradise for all white men. A perfect climate—warm, sunny English summer days, cool nights. . . . I write of Kenya in superlatives of praise, for of all the countries I visited on my British Empire tour, it is the colony that attracts me most—it is the one place I would hurry to, were settler's life abroad my fate. . . . And there is no income-tax!"

Later on the author "enthuses" in a very similar strain about South Africa.

Another branch of the literature of action, that of the hunting-field and the race-course, is well represented by "SPORTING DAYS AND SPORTING STORIES," of Turf and Chase, by J. Fairfax Blakeborough, M.C. With an Introduction by Sir Alfred E. Pease, Bt., and 19 Illustrations (Philip Allan and Co.; 25s. net). It is a delightful book of gossip reminiscences, in which the author, who is one of the best-known sporting men in Yorkshire, has drawn on his diary as well as his memory. It is full of hunting and racing lore, amusing yarns, and biographical details about many sporting notabilities. Mr. Blakeborough mentions that he is still in the early forties, so that there is nothing "valedictory" or out of date about his recollections. He served in Flanders, where his knowledge of horseflesh proved very valuable, and the chapters on his soldiering days are among the most fascinating. Horses are not the only animals he has studied, for he is an authority on the badger, and collaborated with Sir Alfred Pease in a book on that reclusive of the woods, to which the monk Ambrosius in "The Holy Grail" compared himself—"like some old badger in his earth."

Badgers, as Mr. E. V. Lucas recently reminded us, still breed near London, in Ken Wood. The career of one of their Cornish cousins has just been told, as a kind of "animal novel," in "THE LIFE STORY OF A BADGER," by J. C. Tregarthen. Illustrated (John Murray; 6s. net). The setting, as in all Mr. Tregarthen's nature stories, is the Land's End district, and his purpose has been to arouse interest in "a much misunderstood and over-persecuted creature." He has, in fact, done in prose for the badger what Mr. John Masefield did in verse a few years ago for "Reynard the Fox."

C. E. B.



REMOVED TEMPORARILY FROM THE DISMANTLED ORGAN IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL: AN OAK ANGEL BY GRINLING GIBBONS.

Photograph by Donald Macbeth. By Permission of the Surveyor of St. Paul's.

agonies from his wound and from lock-jaw; and it seemed marvellous that he remained alive. When, at last, in hospital, he thought he was dying, he wanted his men with him rather than the nurse. Those about him, he says, could not understand "what my Abyssinians were to me. These men had supported me when many men would have been found wanting. . . . They were my friends, and had proved it over and over again. I knew that soon I was to leave them, and they might have to begin all over again with some inexperienced young man who did not understand them, who might possibly look down on them contemptuously as 'niggers.' A bad word, 'nigger': it has no particular meaning, and is meant to hurt."

Major Lloyd-Jones came home from Africa in a German liner, in which were several German officers returning from service in German East Africa (now Tanganyika). "We openly discussed," he writes, "the chances of war between Great Britain and Germany. We realised that, however regrettable, it was probably inevitable; we were professional soldiers, and would have to ply our trade. On the other hand, a



GRINLING GIBBONS CARVING DETACHED FROM THE ORGAN IN ST. PAUL'S: AN OAK PANEL WITH FRUIT AND FOLIAGE IN LIMWOOD.

The dismantling of the great organ in St. Paul's, during the present work of reconstruction, has involved the detachment of carvings by Grinling Gibbons (1648-1720), who was commissioned by Sir Christopher Wren to adorn its outer case. The wood is finely preserved. For the body of the casing, and figures of angels and cherubs, Gibbons used oak, while the fruit and foliage decoration was wrought in more easily cut limewood. The organ dates from about 1695. John Evelyn records in his Diary how he discovered Grinling Gibbons, by chance, working in obscurity at Deptford, introduced him to Charles II., and obtained Wren's promise to employ him.

Photograph by Donald Macbeth. By Permission of the Surveyor of St. Paul's.

GRINLING GIBBONS CARVINGS ON THE ORGAN OF ST. PAUL'S.

PHOTOGRAPH BY DONALD MACBETH.



DECORATED BY GRINLING GIBBONS WITH CARVINGS DESIGNED "TO MAKE MANIFEST THE MUSIC PROCEEDING FROM IT":
THE GREAT SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY ORGAN IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, DISMANTLED DURING THE REPAIRS.

The repairs to St. Paul's necessitated the dismantling of the organ, which has been taken down and the casing laid out behind the choir. An opportunity was thus afforded of examining in detail the carvings by Grinling Gibbons, two of which are illustrated on the opposite page. As there mentioned, Grinling Gibbons came into notice through a chance meeting with John Evelyn, the diarist, who introduced him to Charles II. and Sir Christopher Wren, who employed him in

St. Paul's. "For the body of the casing," says the "Times," "and figures of cherubs and angels oak was used, the swags of fruit and foliage, for which Gibbons was specially famed, being in limewood, which cuts easily in any direction. Gibbons's general idea seems to have been to make manifest the music proceeding from the organ; most, if not all, of his angels have stayed their trumpets to listen, his cherubs are moving and smiling to numbers."

"Harumfrodite" Navies: Ancients Afloat.

"SEA POWER IN ANCIENT HISTORY." By ARTHUR MACCARTNEY SHEPARD.*

CONSIDERING the limitations of the ancient fighting-ship, it is remarkable what it could achieve by the time it had progressed from the twenty-oared galley, the ordinary war-vessel of the Greek expeditionary force in the Iliad, to the longer thirty-

with fine, sharp lines calculated to cut the water like a knife. . . . She could row circles around the sailing merchant-ship, she could hold position accurately in fleets, she could spin about almost on her own axis. The fine shape of her stern enabled her to make almost the same speed reversing as advancing. Sometimes in naval battles a whole squadron would back water, keeping an unbroken front to the enemy. . . . A war-ship could maintain an average speed of at least seven knots on a voyage of considerable length, given favourable weather conditions. For a short period of time, on tolerably smooth water, it is likely that the trireme or the quinquereme could make from thirteen to fifteen knots." And, if necessary, it could cross land by the aid of rollers and willing hands.

So to the crews, those crews who were to a large extent "giddy harumfrodites." The command of the fleet was usually in the hands of a general who ruled interchangeably over land or sea forces. Under him were the captains of the ships, and below the captain were four commissioned officers: (1) The pilot, or sailing-master, who was the chief executive officer of the ship and had practical charge of its management; (2) the mate, or officer in charge at the bow (*proreus*); (3) the purser or supply officer (*pentecontarque*); and (4) the

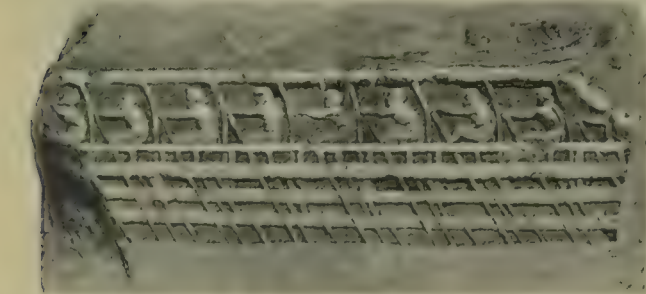
blow, on occasion first crippling it by shearing away half its banks of oars. Before its adoption the victory rested with the stronger in a hand-to-hand combat between the crews of ships in contact—a method never wholly discarded by the classical nations, and at its height, perhaps, when the Romans—by nature and upbringing an earth-bound people—fashioned the crow, or boarding bridge, "whereby their invincible legions could cross to the decks of the enemy's vessel and overpower it." An ingenious contrivance this: "They constructed a wooden gangway or boarding bridge on each vessel, swinging round a pole fixed in the prow. Its extremity was elevated by a rope which ran through a pulley at the top of the pole, and had on its lower side a sharp iron spike. . . . The plan was to run as close to the enemy as possible, and to swing round the boarding bridge till its end could drop upon his deck."

"Artillery" had its turn too. Ships were fitted with deck-towers, from which arrows and darts were sped, and from which troops might jump or climb on to the hostile walls of harbours; and there were battering-rams to breach coastal fortifications, ballistæ and catapults hurling stones, a device for dropping buckets of burning coals upon the foemen's decks, and means for projecting flaming arrows and darts and blazing coal and pitch.

In fact, as Rear-Admiral Moffett has it, "We find that factors in the design of naval vessels which sprang into prominence in those early days are still important considerations in the design of naval craft.

One needs but to mention the ram, the fighting top, and the ballista, which last has developed into the long-range gun of our modern battle-ships and battle-cruisers. Even more curious is the fact that the catapult, which in ancient days was used for hurling stones and other elemental missiles, has found a new use in launching aeroplanes from the decks of our war vessels. . . . All through this book will be found conditions paralleling those of to-day." From all of which it must not be inferred that Mr. MacCartney Shepard deals only with ships, their personnel, their power, and their armament. Very far from it. Strategy and tactics are his: the fighting history of the navies of classic Greece and Rome. "Ancient Sea Warfare" is but his Introduction, although very valuable to those who would understand what follows. His main concerns are Greece and the Græco-Persian War (499 B.C. to 449 B.C.), the Peloponnesian Wars, the Sicilian Expedition of Athens, the Decline and Fall of the Athenian Sea Empire (413 B.C. to 404 B.C.), Greek naval history up to 146 B.C.; and (Rome) Sicily and Carthage to the First Punic War, the First Punic War (264 B.C. to 242 B.C.), the Roman Republican Navy, the Campaign and Battle of Actium, and the Imperial Naval Establishment (31 B.C. to A.D. 476)—with a Conclusion on "The Influence of Sea Power on Ancient History and Civilisation," to say nothing of appendices and a bibliography.

Altogether: a thorough, vivid, and arresting work which amply justifies the author's second reason for writing—"the intrinsic interest, fascination, and importance of the subject."—E. H. G.



TYPICAL OF THE OAR-DRIVEN GREEK WAR GALLEYS THAT BROKE THE PERSIAN FLEET AT SALAMIS: THE WAIST OF AN ATHENIAN TRIREME (FIFTH CENTURY B.C.)—A BAS-RELIEF FROM THE ACROPOLIS AT ATHENS.

"The trireme of the fifth and fourth centuries (B.C.), then the standard type of warship, was approximately 148 ft. in length, 18 ft. beam, and probably between 4 and 6 ft. draught. . . . The Athenian trireme was equipped with 170 oars, 62 being in the upper bank and 54 in each of the two lower."

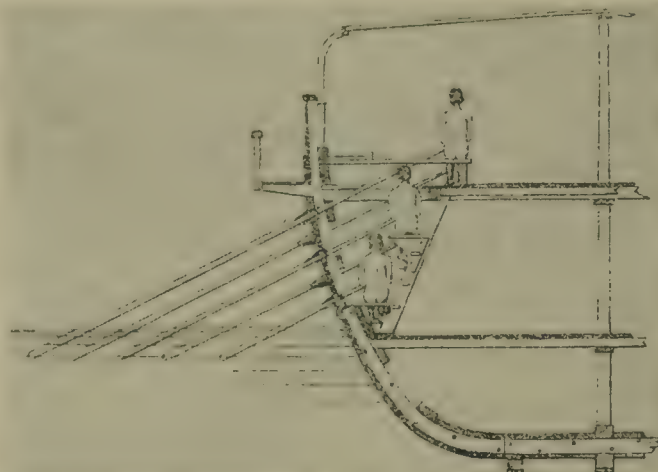
oared and fifty-oared, and from these to that revolutionary Phœnician invention, the craft with two tiers of rowers' benches; its better, the trireme; and those super-triremes, the four and five-bankers. Antony's great galleys, of which Florus wrote: "Being mounted with towers and high decks, they moved along like castles and cities, while the sea groaned and the winds were fatigued," do not call for serious consideration. Nor do the eleven-banker of Demetrius Poliorcetes of Macedon, the sixteen-banker of Kings Philip and Perseus of Macedon, the twenty-and thirty-bankers of Ptolemy Philadelphus, and the well-nigh fabulous forty-banker of Ptolemy Philopater, with its four thousand rowers! All were abnormal, freakishly built for show; proud, unmanageable propaganda."

So frail were the units of the old navies—though a fifth and fourth century trireme might be of 148 ft. length and 18 ft. beam and of 25 tons dead weight—that storm was more to be feared than battle. "Operations, in consequence, were confined for the most part to the spring and summer months; even then fleets seldom ventured far out of sight of shore, as the mariner's compass was unknown, and only the crudest sort of dead reckoning was practised. War galleys likewise habitually beached at night, the crews sleeping on shore; all the meals, so far as practicable, were taken on the land. The cargo space on ancient warships was so limited that provisions and especially water could be carried on board sufficient only for two or three days, and constant supplies had to be drawn from the land, unless the fleet was accompanied by supply ships." Such linkage with the land necessarily hampered strategy, and accounts, no doubt, for the fact that many a sea-battle was practically a shore engagement contested on the waters. It also explains why the merchant-vessel, built to face worse weather, found little difficulty in blockade-running, and why piracy became so rife that even Julius Cæsar himself was captured!

Then there was the question of power. Sails were mere auxiliaries, taken down before an attack, with the masts: the muscles of men did the work; and fatigue finished many an enterprise, no matter how well the rowers had been trained afloat or on rowing platforms ashore.

Yet many a stern encounter decided the sovereignty of the seas, and determined whether a leader should be accorded disgrace or Triumph, death or such a concession as that awarded Duilius—"the privilege for life of returning from public banquets preceded by a torch-bearer and musicians"!

Mobility, as vital a factor then as it is now, was astonishing. "The Greek or the Roman war-galley . . . was a vessel of light construction, long and narrow,



THE FIVE-BANKED OAR-DRIVEN WARSHIP DEVELOPED FROM THE TRIREME: A TRANSVERSE SECTIONAL DIAGRAM SHOWING OARS AND ROWERS IN A ROMAN QUINQUEREME.

"The trireme, when perfected, contained in itself the complete principle of super-imposed banks of oars, and all later types, quadriremes, quinqueremes, and upwards, were merely expansions of that principle, or super-triremes. . . . The Roman and Carthaginian quinqueremes in the Punic wars had approximately 300 oars and rowers."

Illustrations from "Sea Power in Ancient History," by A. MacC. Shepard. By Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Heinemann.

boatswain (*heleustes*), who commanded the oarsmen and regulated their movements in rowing. . . . Beside the boatswain at his station stood a flute player, who, by simple and strongly rhythmic music, helped to sustain the rowers in their long and arduous labour together." The petty officers and crew were divided into rowers, sailors, and marines. "Much the most numerous of the three, the rowers varied in number from one hundred and seventy on the Athenian trireme, to over five hundred on the largest rates. . . . They could be, and sometimes were, supplied with arms and used as a landing force. The sailors—numbering about seventeen on the trireme and proportionally on the higher rates—were under the immediate supervision of two noncommissioned quartermasters. The marines were simply heavy-armed land troops (*hoplites*) detailed for duty on shipboard. They were used for boarding the enemy's ships, for repelling boarders, or for forming a mobile landing force to operate in the enemy's territory."

Which takes us to weapons. The beak, or ram, held the place of honour—"a stout, thick timber projecting several feet beyond the prow; it was pointed at the end, and sheathed with bronze or iron. . . . Placed at first on Greek war vessels considerably above the water-line, the ram was later fixed at or beneath the surface, and its action thereby rendered the deadlier." Equipped with it, the aggressive ship sought to send its dodging opponent to Davy Jones with a single, strong, well-placed



THE POST-ACTIUM TYPE OF LIGHT ROMAN WARSHIP USED AGAINST MEDITERRANEAN PIRATES: THE PROW OF A BIREME (ABOUT 50 A.D.) SHOWING PART OF THE RAM. "Actium (31 B.C.) was the last decisive naval battle in ancient history. . . . Henceforth the sole surviving need for a navy was to suppress piracy. . . . The Romans of the Empire soon discarded the large, expensive types of warships and used in their places the light Liburnian galley, or the swift bireme and trireme."

* "Sea Power in Ancient History: The Story of the Navies of Classic Greece and Rome." By Arthur MacCartney Shepard. With a Foreword by Rear-Admiral William A. Moffett, U.S.N. Illustrated. (William Heinemann, Ltd.; 15s. net.)

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., BARRATT, I.B., TOPICAL, ELLIOTT AND FRY, AND LN.A.



A FAMOUS LIGHT-OPERA COMPOSER: THE LATE MR. LEO FALL.



PRINCESS MAFALDA, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO PRINCE PHILIP OF HESSE WAS ARRANGED FOR SEPTEMBER 23.



PRINCE PHILIP OF HESSE, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO PRINCESS MAFALDA WAS ARRANGED FOR SEPTEMBER 23.



THE NEW LABOUR M.P. FOR STOCKPORT: MR. A. E. TOWNEND.



DIRECTOR OF ARMY MANŒUVRES: THE EARL OF CAVAN.



WHERE THE MARRIAGE OF PRINCESS MAFALDA AND PRINCE PHILIP OF HESSE WAS ARRANGED TO TAKE PLACE: CROWDS OUTSIDE THE ITALIAN ROYAL CASTLE AT RACCONIGI.



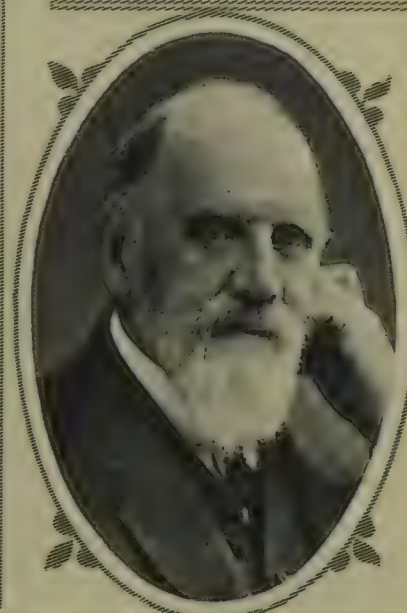
WINNER OF THE GIRLS' OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: MISS ENID WILSON.



A DISTINGUISHED PIANIST: THE LATE MR. LEONARD BORWICK.



INCLUDING COLONEL WOODCOCK (THIRD FROM LEFT), THE FIRST TO REPUDIATE MR. SAKLATVALA: M.P. DELEGATES TO THE INTER-PARLIAMENTARY UNION CONGRESS AT WASHINGTON, ON BOARD THE "CARONIA" JUST BEFORE SAILING.



A DISTINGUISHED BOTANIST: THE LATE SIR FRANCIS DARWIN.

Mr. Leo Fall, the well-known composer, died last week in Vienna, at the age of fifty-one. His numerous operettas include "The Dollar Princess," "The Girl in the Taxi," and "Madame Pompadour."—The marriage of Princess Mafalda, the second daughter of the King of Italy, to Prince Philip of Hesse, the son of Prince Charles of Hesse, who is a brother-in-law of the ex-Kaiser, was arranged to take place on September 23, at the royal castle of Racconigi, in Piedmont.—The Stockport election last week resulted in a Labour gain. Mr. A. E. Townend, the Labour candidate, was elected with a majority of 2327.—The Earl of Cavan, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, was Director of the Army manœuvres, with Sir Charles Harington and Sir Walter Braithwaite as Chief Umpires.—Miss Enid

Wilson, the fifteen-year-old Chesterfield golfer, won the Girls' Open Golf Championship at Stoke Poges, on September 16, beating Miss Katharine Nicholls in the final by 5 and 3.—Mr. Leonard Borwick, the well-known pianist, died suddenly on September 15, during a holiday in the North of France.—The British Parliamentary Delegation to the Inter-Parliamentary Union Congress in Washington sailed from Southampton on September 19. Our photograph includes Colonel Woodcock, who was the first to protest against the inclusion of Mr. Saklatvala.—Sir Francis Darwin, F.R.S., the distinguished botanist, died at Cambridge on September 19. He was the third son of the great Charles Darwin, whose biography he wrote. In 1908 he was President of the British Association.

UNPARALLELED IN THE ANNALS OF ENGLISH AUCTIONS: THE LEVERHULME SALE TRANSFERRED TO NEW YORK.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF MESSRS.

KNIGHT, FRANK, AND RUTLEY.



BY J. HOPPNER, R.A.: "PORTRAIT OF THE HON. MARY RYECROFT,"
WIFE OF GEORGE PELHAM, SON OF THE FIRST EARL OF CHICHESTER.



BY J. HOPPNER, R.A.: "LUCIUS CONCANNON," M.P. FOR APPLEBY
AND WINCHELSEA, ABOUT THE YEAR 1820.



BY SIR WILLIAM ORPEN, R.A.: "LADY ROCKSAVAGE," AN EXAMPLE
OF ONE OF THE MOST DISTINGUISHED OF LIVING PAINTERS.



BY SIR JOHN E. MILLAIS, P.R.A.:
"CALLER HERRIN,"
A FAMOUS PICTURE
IN THE COLLECTION
OF THE LATE
LORD LEVERHULME.



BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A.: "THE COUNTESS OF THANET,"
A NOTABLE PORTRAIT IN THE LEVERHULME COLLECTION.



BY GOYA, THE CELEBRATED SPANISH MASTER: "PORTRAIT OF
PEPE ILLO," THE BULL-FIGHTER, OF MADRID.



BY SIR MARTIN
ARCHER SHEE, P.R.A.:
"TWO BOYS
OF THE
ANNESLEY FAMILY,"
AN INTERESTING
STUDY OF BRITISH
BOYHOOD
IN BYGONE DAYS.



BY WILLIAM STRANG: "THE WIFE OF A PICADOR," PAINTED IN
1917 AND EXHIBITED AT THE GROSVENOR GALLERY IN 1918.

A great sensation was caused in the art world by an announcement recently made by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, the well-known auctioneers in charge of the Leverhulme collection. This announcement stated: "A proposal has been received from the Anderson Galleries of New York for the sale of the contents of The Hill, Hampstead, which [we] could not possibly advise the executors of the late Viscount Leverhulme to refuse. The proposal has, therefore, been accepted, and the sale at The Hill, Hampstead, will not take place. Should it, however, be desired to purchase any of the works of art for the nation before they leave the country, the executors have the right to reserve such works from the sale. The Anderson Galleries, in conjunction with Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, will hold the sale on behalf of the executors in New York the early part of next year. The other sales already advertised will be held by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley as arranged." These other sales are one of six days to begin on November 9 at The Bungalow, Rivington,

Lancashire, and another two days' sale to be held at Rivington Hall on November 17 and 18. Commenting on the transference of the chief Leverhulme sale to America, the Sale-Room correspondent of the "Times" said: "This official announcement connotes one of the most amazing and stupendous transactions in the annals of English auctions. It has no parallel. Here is a collection of books, pictures, drawings, furniture, and so forth, formed by a well-known man of great wealth, catalogued and advertised for a sale extending over fifteen days by an eminent firm of London auctioneers, suddenly withdrawn and, in effect, on the way to New York for public auction sale at the Anderson Galleries in that city. It cannot be that the London fine-art trade is unable to bear the financial strain of the Leverhulme sales, for both during and ever since the Great War far more important art sales have been held in London without any apparent strain on the financial resources of the London dealers; during last season the Carnarvon and Sargent sales were evidence of this."

NOW SAFELY BACK ACROSS THE ANDES: THE PRINCE IN ARGENTINA.

OFFICIAL N.P.A. PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY C.N., AND "LA NACION" PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY TOPICAL.



MEN WHO INTERESTED THE PRINCE: TYPICAL GAUCHOS (ARGENTINE COWBOYS) AT HUETEL.



AT ITA CAABA, A FAMOUS BREEDING FARM: THE PRINCE OF WALES WITH SIR BEILBY ALSTON (LEFT), MR. R. BURGESS, MANAGER (RIGHT), AND STOCK-MAN CUMMINGS (STANDING), A SCOTSMAN, OF THIRTY-FOUR YEARS' SERVICE



PLAYING GOLF AT MONTEVIDEO: THE PRINCE OF WALES DURING HIS VISIT TO URUGUAY.



WITH AN ESCORT OF ARGENTINE CAVALRY: THE PRINCE OF WALES (IN GUARDS UNIFORM AND BEARSKIN), SEATED IN THE CAR WITH PRESIDENT DE ALVEAR, ARRIVING FOR A REVIEW OF ARGENTINE TROOPS AT PALERMO, BUENOS AIRES—SHOWING (RIGHT BACKGROUND) A POLICEMAN STOPPING AN ONLOOKER.



REMARKABLE FOR THE ABSENCE OF WOMEN: A HUGE CROWD OF SPECTATORS ASSEMBLED TO WATCH THE MILITARY REVIEW AT PALERMO IN THE PRESENCE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.



A CHARMING INCIDENT OF THE ROYAL VISIT TO THE BRITISH HOSPITAL AT BUENOS AIRES: THE PRINCE WRITES HIS AUTOGRAPH IN A CHILD PATIENT'S ALBUM.

During his visit to Argentina the Prince of Wales witnessed a great military review in the Avenida Alvear at Buenos Aires, on August 22, taking the salute from the Presidential box in front of Palermo Park. Over 12,000 troops took part in the parade, which was led by detachments from the "Repulse" and "Curlew," and a band of British Marines playing "Hearts of Oak." The Prince was accompanied by President de Alvear. On the following day (August 23) he left Buenos Aires for Huetel, to see a great rancho (*estancia*). Then he went on a tour of

1500 miles through the northern provinces, during which he visited Ita Caaba, a famous stock-breeding establishment at Mercedes, where a *rodeo* by *gauchos* (Argentine cowboys) and a grand inspection of cattle took place. The Prince then returned to Buenos Aires, and has since visited Chile. His return journey from Valparaiso to Argentina by train across the Andes was delayed by snowfall and avalanches, but news came on September 22 that he had safely arrived back at Buenos Aires, shortly to leave on the homeward voyage to England.

VANISHING FROM THE SEA: THE FAIR WHITE WINGS OF SAIL.

FROM THE PAINTING BY FRANK H. MASON, R.B.A. (COPYRIGHTED.)



"CARRYING EVERY STITCH": BY FRANK H. MASON, R.B.A.—A SURVIVAL FROM THE GOLDEN AGE OF SAIL.

In this charming water-colour the artist illustrates a picturesque phase of shipping that is fast becoming obsolete. The old sailing-ship, "walking the seas in beauty like a thing of life," has been almost entirely displaced by the steamer and the

petrol-driven craft, just as on land the horse-drawn vehicle has given way to the motor-car. It is now chiefly in the world of yachting that we may still admire the fair "white wings" of the sea.



"FAREWELL JETTY."

Our picture shows a battle-ship of the "Queen Elizabeth" class on the eve of departure from the "Farewell Jetty" at Portsmouth. Relatives of officers and men are assembled to bid "Good-bye and Good Luck" before the commencement of the long voyage to foreign waters. Such an occasion is splendidly described by "Bartimeus" in his admirable short story, "Farewell and Adieu." Near the centre of the drawing an Admiralty

tug waits to assist the great ship to leave the pier, and ahead is seen the mast of a destroyer going down the harbour. Beyond the Ryde boat on the left of the drawing is part of Old Portsmouth, where Nelson embarked before Trafalgar. Immediately after all have obeyed the bugle call "All aboard," the signal, "Request permission to proceed," is answered by the Admiral, and the ship puts out to sea.

FROM THE PAINTING SPECIALLY MADE FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY C. E. TURNER. (COPYRIGHTED.)

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OUR "MECHANICALISED" ARMY: MILITARY PETROL-DRIVEN TRACTORS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE "TIMES," SPORT AND GENERAL, AND C.N.



THE NEW FOUR-WHEEL DRIVE "HATHI" WHICH TOOK PART IN THE MANŒUVRES: THE TRACTOR ENTERING THE WATER.



THE "HATHI" FOUR-WHEEL DRIVE TRACTOR SUCCESSFULLY FORDING A CANAL WITH A 6-INCH HOWITZER IN TOW.



THE "DRAGON" WHICH HAS REPLACED THE HORSE: FIELD ARTILLERY DRAWN BY A CATERPILLAR TRACTOR.



SAVING THE FEET OF THE GUNNERS: CATERPILLAR TRACTION FOR THE HEAVY ARTILLERY.



A FIELD HOWITZER MOUNTED ON A CATERPILLAR TRACTOR.



AN ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN MOUNTED ON A WHEELED PLATFORM AND DRAWN BY A "HATHI" TRACTOR.

The first Army Manœuvres to be held since the war were begun before dawn on September 22, and were specially important as testing the latest developments of the science of what may be termed "mechanicalised" warfare. Not only were the latest forms of tanks, armoured cars, and aeroplanes employed, but at the same time there has been given an opportunity of judging the effect of the increased mobility derived from the use of motor tractors for artillery, not only for heavy but also for field guns; of lorries for the transport of troops; and of motor-driven vehicles for the hastening forward of supplies. It is only since the war that for many batteries of field artillery the "dragon" or tractor machine has supplanted the

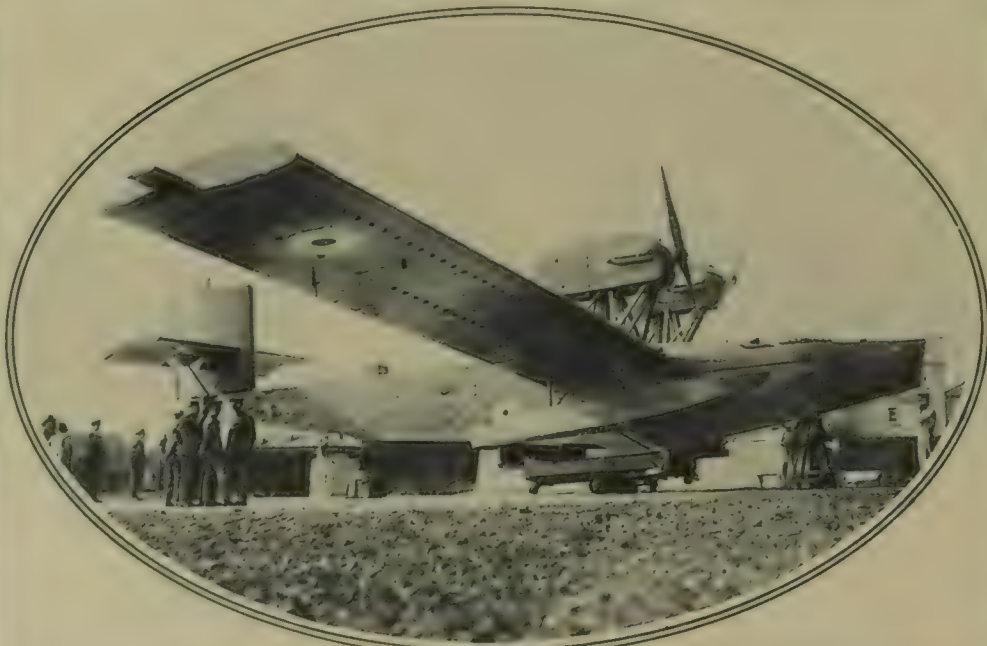
horse, although throughout the hostilities "caterpillars" and four-wheel drives were usual for drawing the heavy guns (with the exception of the 60-pounders, the teams for which consisted of those magnificent draught horses familiarly known as "hairies"). There are many advantages to be gained by the use of petrol-driven tractors in place of horses, not the least of which is the portability of fuel as compared with the forage necessary to feed the great numbers of horses which otherwise would be required. But it must be remembered that the advantages of mechanical traction to the exclusion of horses have yet to be proved, and the great Manœuvres of this year will have given a valuable test.

AT HOME AND ABROAD: INTERESTING EVENTS NEAR AND FAR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., SPECIAL PRESS, F. W. BOND, T. KENT (KIRK WALL), AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



ROAD TRAFFIC CONTROL DURING THE ARMY MANŒUVRES: A CYCLIST WITH A WARNING TO MOTORISTS.



MADE IN DENMARK FOR THE AIR MINISTRY: THE NEW BEARDMORE-ROHRBACH ALL-METAL FLYING BOAT ON ITS ARRIVAL AT FELIXSTOWE SEAPLANE STATION.



A NEW SAFEGUARD FOR POLICE ON POINT DUTY: A WHITE CIRCLE PAINTED ON THE ROAD.



A NEW ARRIVAL AT THE "ZOO": A LARGE TWO-BANDED *VARANUS* LIZARD FROM SUMATRA, BETWEEN SIX AND SEVEN FEET LONG.



THE RECENT ERUPTION THAT FORMED A NEW ISLET IN THE ÆGEAN SEA: THE ISLAND OF THERA—SHOWING A GREAT VOLUME OF SMOKE ARISING FROM THE VOLCANO.



"FOUR-SQUARE TO ALL THE WINDS THAT BLOW": THE KITCHENER MEMORIAL TOWER ON MARWICK HEAD, IN THE ORKNEY ISLANDS. OFF WHICH HE WENT DOWN IN THE "HAMPSHIRE."

The Air Ministry's new all-metal flying-boat, built in Denmark, from designs by Dr. Rohrbach, by Messrs. Wm. Beardmore and Co., is "a four-seated open-sea reconnaissance flying-boat." It can be "hove to" and kept on a course by jury mast and sail.—The giant Varanus lizard at the "Zoo" has a long forked tongue. It is not poisonous, but can bite severely, and uses its claws and tail as weapons.—The volcanic eruption on the Greek island of Thera, one of a group in the Cyclades (illustrated in our issue of August 29), caused a new islet



CELEBRATIONS IN THE LIBERATED RUHR: (LEFT TO RIGHT) PRESIDENT HINDENBURG (READING HIS ADDRESS), HERR FRENCKEN (SEATED), HERR LUTHER, THE CHANCELLOR (SEATED), AND OTHER NOTABLES AT ESSEN.

to rise above the sea. Three such islets have been formed there within historic times.—A memorial tower to Lord Kitchener and those who went down with him in the "Hampshire," on June 5, 1916, has been erected on Marwick Head, in the Orkneys, some three miles from the scene of the disaster.—President Hindenburg attended the recent celebrations in the Ruhr on its evacuation by the French. Our photograph shows an assembly at Essen on September 18. Among those present are Herr Luther, the Chancellor, and Herr Frencken, Minister of Justice.

THE WAR IN MOROCCO: SIMULTANEOUS FRANCO-SPANISH ADVANCES.

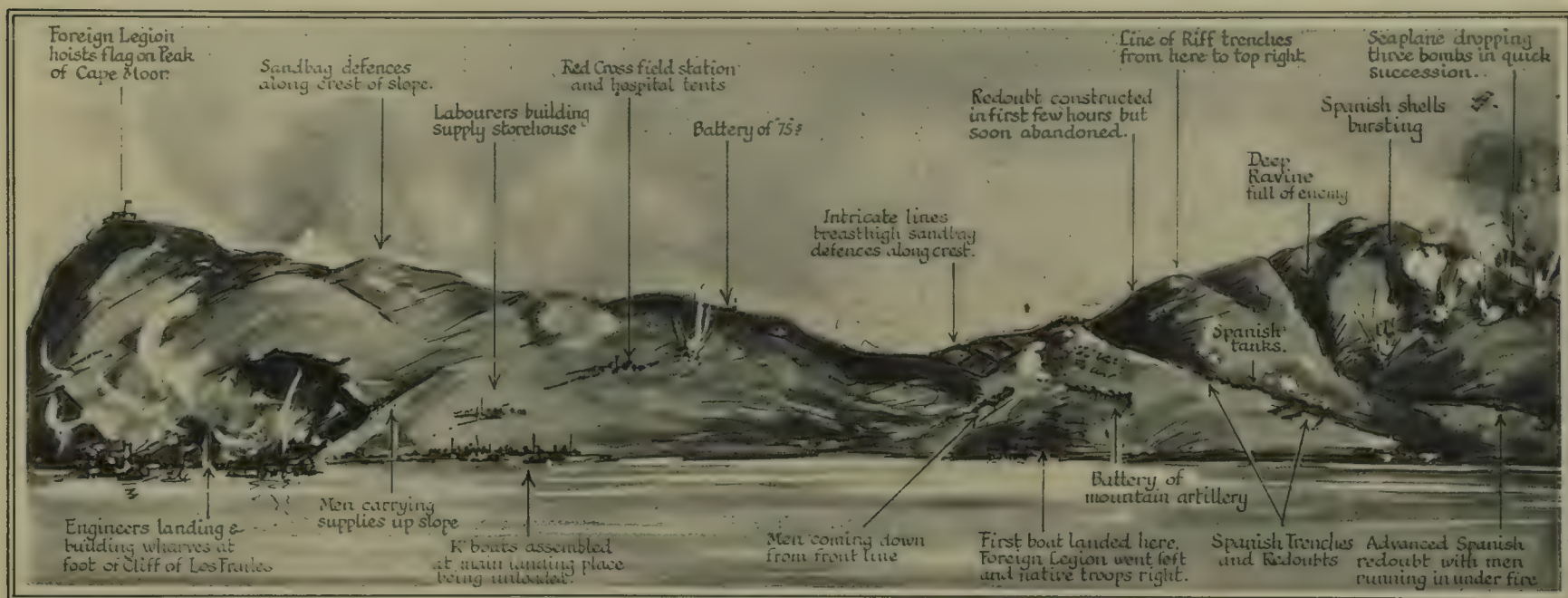
PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., SPORT AND GENERAL, AND TOPICAL. DRAWING BY COURTESY OF THE "DAILY EXPRESS."



THE FRENCH ADVANCE ON A 36-MILE FRONT TO TAUNAT, WHICH OUTFLANKED THE RIFF STRONGHOLD AT BIBAN: A COLUMN MOVING UP TO ATTACK TERUAL.



FRENCH TANKS ASSEMBLED FOR AN ATTACK DURING THE TAUNAT ADVANCE: A GROUP OF CHARS D'ASSAUT WITH REVOLVING GUN-TURRETS, WHICH HAVE PROVED EFFECTIVE.



HOW THE SPANIARDS LANDED AT ALHUCEMAS BAY: A SKETCH OF THE OPERATIONS, MADE BY MR. CLARKE ASHWORTH (SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE "DAILY EXPRESS") FROM THE DECK OF ONE OF THE SPANISH SHIPS, AND ILLUSTRATING THE VARIOUS POSITIONS AND MOVEMENTS OF THE TROOPS.



CAPTURED BY THE SPANIARDS DURING THEIR LANDING OPERATIONS: RIFF TRENCHES AT ALHUCEMAS AND A 9-MM. GUN WHICH HAD FIRED ON THE FRENCH CRUISER "PARIS."

After the Spanish landing at Alhucemas and the simultaneous advance of the French on their front, there was a period of "marking time" in the Morocco campaign, as far as large operations were concerned. It was reported on September 22 that the further offensives in other parts of the French front, announced a week before by M. Painlevé, "in accordance with the plan agreed on with the Spanish Government," had not as yet been commenced. Meanwhile, it was pointed out, the time available for movements on a big scale was growing



SINCE TROUBLED BY SHORTAGE OF WATER, AND BAD WEATHER PREVENTING THE LANDING OF SUPPLIES: SPANISH TROOPS CAMPED IN CEBADILLA BAY.

shorter, as the rainy season in Morocco begins early in November. On the Spanish side it was reported about the same time that the troops landed in Cebadilla Bay were suffering somewhat from lack of water, and the difficulties of bringing it from the ships owing to the bad weather. The Spanish camp, it was also stated, was harassed by night attacks made by the Riffs with mortars and hand-grenades, and on September 20 (according to an unofficial report) they bombarded the Alhucemas Sector and caused about 200 casualties.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE GIANT TORTOISES OF THE GALAPAGOS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

A MOST fascinating account of the Galapagos Islands and their strange reptilian inhabitants has just been sent me by the New York Zoological Society. Therein the author, Dr. Charles Francis Townsend, unfolds what is indeed a doleful story; for he has brought together a most vivid series of excerpts from the log-books of ancient mariners, setting forth, in their own quaint language, the slow and steady process of extermination which they thoughtlessly pursued in regard to the giant tortoises which swarmed there. In an evil hour, early in the sixteenth century, these islands were discovered by the Spaniards, who were lost in amazement at the enormous numbers of these peculiarly helpless creatures. Forthwith, they named these island fastnesses, till then inviolate, the "Galapagos," or Tortoise, Islands.

They soon discovered also how good the tortoises were to eat! So profoundly were they impressed in this regard that they spread the news of this wonderful source of fresh meat (a matter of vast importance in those days of salt beef and pork) far and wide over the seas. And so it came about that mariners adventuring that way during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries made a point of visiting the islands, and loading up their decks with "galapagos." Such raids, however, were comparatively infrequent. But then came the fleets of the whalers of the nineteenth century, British and American. Like vultures gathering to the feast, they made their way into the Pacific, to prey upon the hosts of whales which, for long ages, had hunted these waters undisturbed. Landing parties from these vessels would bring away two or three hundred tortoises at a time.

Dr. Townsend has given some exceedingly interesting records gathered from the log-books of the old whaling captains, and these furnish much curious reading. Captain Daggett, of the whaling ship *Apollo*, thus describes a tortoise hunt in 1816—

"After many days reached Charles Island, where we fell in with two English whalers and a Nantucker. We came to anchor close by them, and, everything being secure, went ashore after terrapin. Went far into the interior over to Black Beach, so called from its cindery appearance. Trees called cabbage-wood and prickly pears were scattered here and there: only one spring of water was found, and that on the extreme south end. We succeeded in taking a good lot of terrapin, usually selecting those most convenient to carry on our backs, the usual way of transporting them. Here we remained about one week, occupying ourselves daily in the same manner. Frequently it required some time to enable us to find the sized ones best suited to our ideas; they were all the way from as large as a silver dollar to the size of a Henry Clay cook-stove. Some were so large that they could easily travel with four good-sized men on their backs. Their chief article of diet . . . is the cabbage-tree leaves, which are broken down by the force of the winds; but sometimes, when no high winds lay their food on the ground for them, a large number will congregate, and with one accord gnaw into the bark of these trees, till, coming to the pith, which is soft and tender, the tree falls before them. The trees grow to the size of half-barrel. . . . Though they appear to enjoy eating as well as other animals, they will live, and

thrive, on ship-board for months, with nothing on which to subsist.

"Three hundred were put on board our ship, stowed between decks, or anywhere out of the way. . . . Their meat was most excellent. . . . They were so fat that half a bucket full of grease could be taken

as large as a beef critter's, and is many times superior to it in any kind of way you choose to cook it. . . . We did not disturb the large ones, as we would have had to kill and cut them up and carry the pieces down on our backs, as many will weigh, I should think, nearly half a ton. So we caught the

smaller ones, none weighing over five or six hundred pounds. We went hunting every day for a week. We caught about a hundred during the time. . . . It was all six months before they were done."

Captain Davis, of the *Chelsea*, sailing from New London, made two voyages to the Pacific between 1827 and 1831, and describes a visit to Charles Island. He tells us: "We took off the head of the largest terrapin we could find, one great enough to furnish a feast for a hundred men. We were exceedingly thirsty . . . and had tried to satisfy our craving with the warm, insipid juice obtained from the trunks of the giant cactuses, but in our capture, in our terrapin, we found the living spring of the wilderness. An ample supply of pure, limpid water was discovered in the pearly sack placed at the base of the animal's neck. There was some three gallons of water here, and, wonder of wonders, it

was cool. . . . With one hundred and fifteen terrapin of all sizes we secured, we then returned to the ship, whose decks were covered with our sleeping captives, and the cook's galley steamed with a new and savoury odour!"

In justice to the whalers it must be said that they were by no means the only raiders of these hosts. Sealers, buccaneers, and war-vessels exacted a no less heavy toll. Commodore Porter, of the *Essex*, confesses to taking about fourteen tons of tortoises from James Island in 1812, and between four and five hundred at Charles Island. His records, by the way, provide some interesting reminders of that deplorable difference of opinion which we had in 1812 with America. Writing of the capture of the British whaling ships *Atlantic* and *Greenwich*, he says: "From these two vessels we secured water and tortoises enough to supply us for some time." And of the capture of two other British whaling vessels, *Georgiana* and *Policy*, he remarks: "In clearing their decks for action, they had thrown overboard several hundred Galapagos terrapins. . . . Many were picked up, which afforded us an abundant supply of provisions for officers and crew. The meat cooked in almost any manner is delicious."

It has been estimated that somewhere about ten million tortoises were taken between the time of the discovery of these islands and 1832. Then began the first settlement by Ecuadorians, who set up an oil-making industry, and the introduction of rats, dogs

and pigs. These did more damage than all the whalers and war-ships put together. Happily, a small remnant of tortoises has been saved. Some were transported to the Seychelles, where they have thriven. Others have found asylum in Zoological Gardens. Dr. Townsend concludes his most extraordinarily interesting history of these tortoises with the comment: "What a contribution to the world's food supply if these otherwise unimportant islands . . . could be cleared of the pests introduced by civil-

ised man, and the original conditions restored! This is now, unfortunately, impossible on the Galapagos. The only remaining hope for the race is the establishment of survivors elsewhere."



WITH A BLACK SHELL (AS IN ALL THE GALAPAGOS SPECIES): A GIANT TORTOISE (*TESTUDO VICINIA*) FROM ALBEMARLE ISLAND, IN THE NEW YORK "ZOO"—A SITTING POSTURE.

"The front of the shell, as seen in the right-hand photograph, it will be noticed, is widely open, there being no necessity to reduce the size of this aperture, to afford protection against enemies. Specialisation has now gone too far to permit of a reduction of this space."



SHOWING THE OPEN FRONT OF THE SHELL: ANOTHER VIEW OF THE SAME ALBEMARLE ISLAND TORTOISE, WITH A RIDER ON ITS BACK.

from the upper shell when butchered." The captain of the *Greyhound*, sailing from Festport, Massachusetts, in 1858, tells us that on arriving at Albemarle



ABLE TO CARRY A HEAVY MAN EASILY ON ITS BACK: THE WALKING GAIT OF AN ALBEMARLE ISLAND TORTOISE, WHICH IS VERY GENTLE, AND FOLLOWS ITS KEEPER ABOUT.

Island "we dropped anchor. About two-thirds of the crew went ashore . . . and, after fitting up our temporary camp, we started for the mountains after turpin, which are very numerous. . . .



BELIEVED BY SOME (BUT PROBABLY WRONGLY) TO BE THE ANCESTOR OF THE GALAPAGOS TORTOISES: THE SOUTH AMERICAN TORTOISE (*TESTUDO TABULATA*).



FROM ONE OF THE ISLANDS IN THE GALAPAGOS GROUP, EACH OF WHICH HAD ITS OWN PECULIAR SPECIES: THE GIANT TORTOISE OF ALBEMARLE ISLAND.

Turpin are a species of turtle . . . and their flesh is unsurpassed as food for stews and soups: its equal cannot be found. The liver is far superior to any kind of meat I ever ate. It is

MEMORIES OF LONDON'S DANGER FROM THE AIR.

COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF THE IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM.



1. AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY: EFFECTS OF A 50-KILO BOMB DROPPED FROM A GERMAN AEROPLANE THROUGH THE GLASS ROOF OF NO. 9 GALLERY ON SEPTEMBER 24, 1917.



3. AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE: HAVOC CAUSED BY A 15-KILO GERMAN BOMB WHICH KILLED A MAN AND CAUSED FIRE BY SEVERING A GAS PIPE, ON JULY 7, 1917.



2. AT THE LITTLE THEATRE, THEN USED AS A CLUB ROOM FOR SOLDIERS: THE STAGE WRECKED BY A 50-KILO GERMAN BOMB THAT FELL THROUGH THE ROOF ON SEPTEMBER 4-5, 1917.



4. ON THE EMBANKMENT BESIDE CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE: RESULTS OF A 50-KILO GERMAN BOMB WHICH WRECKED A TRAM, KILLING THREE PASSENGERS, AND BROKE THROUGH INTO A SUBWAY, ON SEPTEMBER 5, 1917.

THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FIRST AIR-RAID ON LONDON: PHOTOGRAPHS OF FOUR IMPORTANT INCIDENTS.

It is now ten years since German bombs began falling on London. The official descriptions of these photographs are:—(1) Royal Academy, September 24, 1917. A 50-kilo bomb fell through the glass roof of No. 9 Gallery. A hole was blown through the arch into the basement, considerable damage being caused to the building and to some statuary. (2) Air-raid damage, September 4-5, 1917. Little Theatre, John Street, Adelphi. A 50-kilo bomb fell on the roof of the theatre, which was used as a club room for soldiers. (3) General Post Office, July 7, 1917.

A 15-kilo bomb was dropped on the roof of the building, and a gas pipe was severed, resulting in a fire. The room immediately below the roof was demolished by falling masonry. One man was killed and four injured. (4) Thames Embankment, September 5, 1917. A 50-kilo bomb fell at the edge of the pavement and broke through into the subway, one large gas main being fractured. The Sphinx was damaged. Cleopatra's Needle was slightly scratched. A passing tram-car was wrecked, three passengers being killed and three injured."

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

"TESS."

WHEN it was announced, there were misgivings. Long before the master himself tried his hand at the dramatisation of the book, others had obtained his leave to adapt "Tess" to the stage. Two or three attempts were a complete failure. Then, at the old Coronet Theatre—now a cinema—Mr. Kennedy, a dramatic critic, gave a version that was fairly successful, but it was short-lived: he did not find the right actors to waft the rural spirit over the footlights. It became sheer melodrama, forcible in parts; but the Tess we saw then was not the Tess of the book—she was of the stage stagey. Perhaps the actress was at fault; her performance has vanished from memory. But we came away with the conviction that it was a hopeless attempt to touch the novel without despoiling a masterpiece. Tess had better have been left severely alone.

Some years afterwards we learned that Mr. Hardy himself—and unaided by a craftsman—had adapted his novel for the delectation of his villagers. It was duly produced under his guidance, and the few who devotedly made the pilgrimage to Dorset reported that it was an interesting play, mainly remarkable for the archaic ways of the performers. Yet we obtained no definite impression; it was chronicled as a curiosity and an event of local importance. All that occurred was the announcement some time later that Miss Sybil Thorndike had obtained leave to create the part; but she never went beyond a promise: perhaps she did not see herself as Tess. And so the play quietly slumbered in oblivion until Mr. Philip Ridge-way had the happy thought to approach the master. Even if it failed it would be a nine-days' wonder. A drama by Hardy—what a card to play! What a chance to turn the little theatre at Barnes into a Mecca! He engineered it cleverly. He asked publicly to select the right woman to play Tess, and, after suggestions galore, his choice fell on Miss Gwen Ffrangcon Davies. It was a bold selection: some feared that it was not the right one. Would this frail, slender personality lend itself to the deep-chested, robust Tess—a Medea in the thoughts of most?

Then came the eventful night—the historical evening of the first Monday in September—and it was a triumph for the author as well as the actress. Some said that it was not a good play; that it was deficient in construction; that it was spasmodic; that the author often lacked the sense of the theatre. But that is merely looking at it from a narrow angle. This criticism overlooked the fact that the author primordially adapted it for production by simple folk in simple surroundings. He wrote neither for stars nor for show. He lifted from the pages the spirit and the main characters, and the spirit was tragedy as simple as the tragedies of old Greece. From the very appearance of Tess, fate and fatality hover over her. We feel that this girl, whirled into womanhood in sheer ignorance, is destined to go under. We feel that her happiness in marriage cannot last, for the purity of her nature will impel her to confess her secret—the child of her fault—and that confession must alienate the affection of the man to whom virginity was sanctity.

We, in this after-war liberalism of thought, may view things differently; but that was the spirit that still survives in the country, the spirit ingrained in those uninfluenced by life in the great centres. After the parting, Tess's



A NEW SENSATION IN "ANIMAL ACTING": M. JACQUES LERNER AS THE WONDERFUL MAN-APE, JACKO, WITH MISS BETTY ROSS CLARKE, AS DORA LAVENDER, IN "THE MONKEY TALKS," AT THE LITTLE THEATRE.

M. Jacques Lerner has made as great a sensation in London as he did in Paris with his wonderful presentment of a man-monkey endowed with speech, in the English version of "Le Singe Qui Parle," given at the Little Theatre as "The Monkey Talks." The actor has made a close study of the gait, tricks, and gestures of the animal, and he is equally effective when he appears as a human being. Miss Dora Lavender plays charmingly as an "ingénue" of the circus, for whose heart Jacko and his master are rivals.—[Photograph by Stage Photo Co.]



AN EXPONENT OF "RELATIVE VERACITY" IN A PIRANDELLÒ REVIVAL: MISS NANCY PRICE AS SIGNORA FROLA IN "AND THAT'S THE TRUTH," AT THE LYRIC THEATRE, HAMMERSMITH.

Mr. Nigel Playfair's Hammersmith production, "And That's the Truth," is an English version of Pirandello's "Cosi E," given in Italian this summer at the New Oxford Theatre. The play is a study in the relativity of truth. Signora Frola and her son-in-law each declare that the other is mad.

course was obvious. She was a strong woman, not a strong character. She was not built to fight, but to yield. Hence the lover and the sham glamorous existence in would-be luxury by the side of a brute—who wanted a body, not a soul. Thus Tess became a murderess. Not from instinct, but from impulse. Hers was the heroism of weakness. She saw the knife; she saw red; she killed. She did it in a trance. She had ever lived in a trance—ever since she came home to her mother with evidence of her lapse. She was born to be tragical; and tragically she lived to her tragic end.

There is but one moment of anti-climax in that road to Calvary. The appearance of the landlady after Tess's haunted departure from the horror of her deed lessens the tension. "The theatre" hampers the tragedy. But we forgot that in the poetry of reunion, the pathos on Stonehenge, the slumber of the guilty-innocent, the awakening to reality—the "I am ready" to the law that comes to claim an eye for an eye. All that is strangely beautiful, strangely affecting. With the simplest means an effect is produced that shakes one's inner being. We are moved to sorrow, to infinite commiseration. And the after-thought is—what devastation is written by fate in some lives! What a noble heart was broken here, what endless fund of love wasted! Tess a murderess! Tess mayhap ending on the scaffold or in the living tomb of prison walls; the cruelty of destiny; the cruelty of the unequal battle of which woman, always woman, pays the toll.

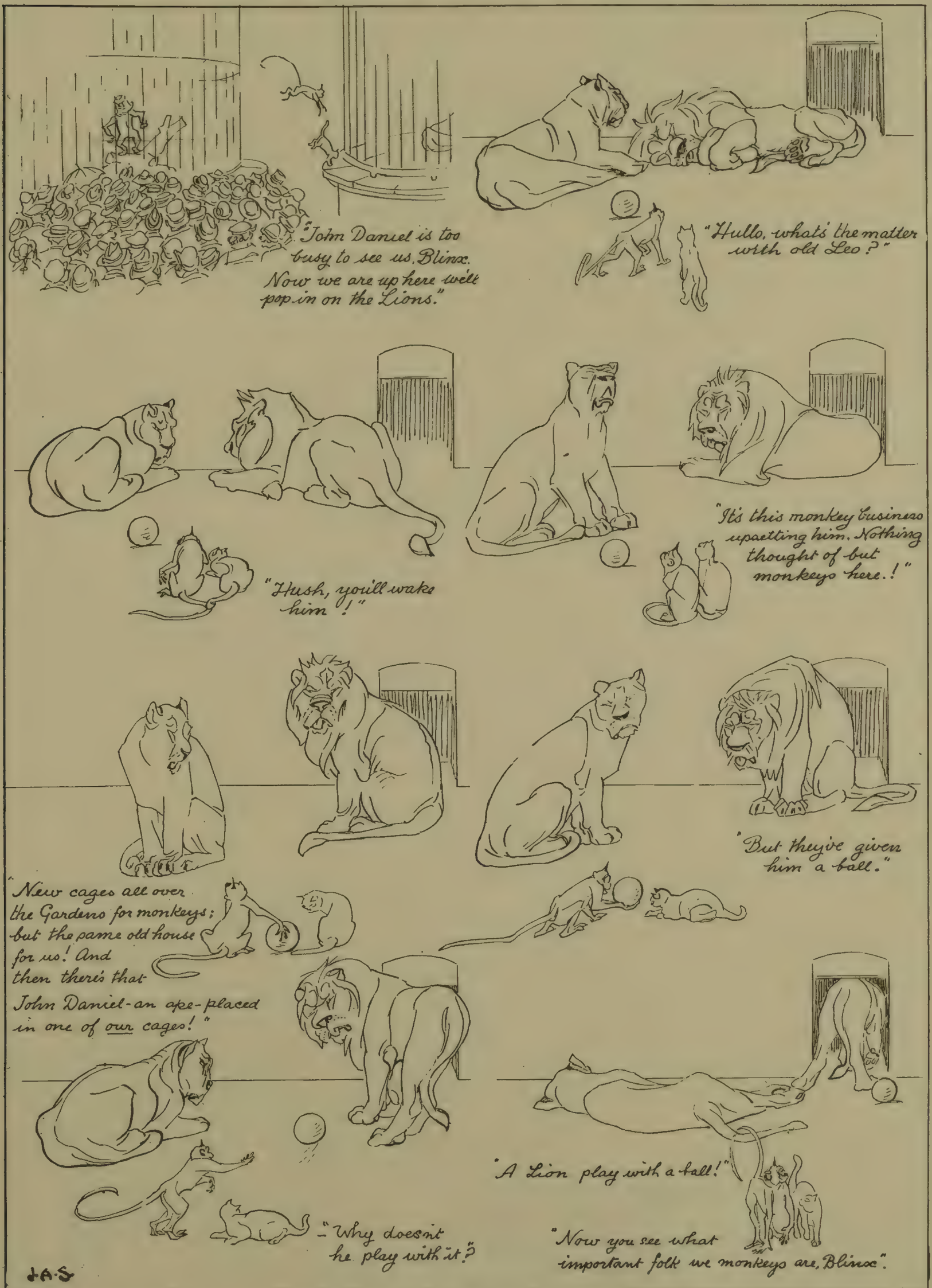
Miss Ffrangcon Davies surprised all expectations. In Tess she found herself as an artist. She forgot all the mannerisms of diction and action we sometimes find a jar. She was tragic without being artificial. She felt the part. It rang in her voice; it showed itself in her personality as weighed down by an unseen burden; it spoke from her eyes—her eyes that spread such sadness, that she can shutter by her lids as a house in mourning. When she had stricken her lover, the cause of her undoing, she was like a haunted being. Her glance was glued to the door that veiled the tragedy. And then, as she fled, she lowered her eyelids as if to draw a curtain on an awful vision. Not until then did she convey the realisation of what she had done. Even so it was but a second's awakening; she returned to her subconscious aloofness. The love scene, the slumber on the boulder, the awakening—it was all Nirvana. The soul of Tess had died when she saw the bloodstains on her hand. A beautiful creation, no less beautiful because it causes exquisite pain.

The Angel Clare of Mr. Ion Swinley, in his splendid virility, in his tenderness, in his struggles between love and convention; in his guardian-angel solicitude in the Stonehenge scene, was a magnificent foil and yet a contrast to Tess. In their hands lay the thrall of the tragedy; the others were but a chorus to their elegy, but the harmony was almost perfect.

The scenes of Aubrey Hammond worked wonders on a small scale, and if the village-maidens were oddly and stiffly grouped, let us not be churlish to the producer for that he, in his reverence, grafted the rigidity of Greek tradition on this classical tragedy of the old master. The whole effect of this deeply moving play was worthy of Thomas Hardy's genius. It gives all that the stage can give of the pathos and tragedy in one of the greatest novels that have been written in modern times.

BLINX AND BUNDA: A TOUR ROUND THE "ZOO."—No. XXIX.

DRAWN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," BY J. A. SHEPHERD. (COPYRIGHTED.)



THE MIGHTY FALLEN: LEO IN ECLIPSE—WHILE MONKEYS GET THE LION'S SHARE.

Following on the abortive interview with John Daniel (illustrated in our last number), the two friends called on the lions in the next cage. We rather sympathise with the old lion, as—apart from the housing question—without doubt the monkey family do control the eye of the public. The Lion House was built in 1876! The monkey family possess Monkey Hill, new

experimental monkey cages, the Ape House, and the Monkey House. They have practically taken over the North Mammal House, also the Small Mammal House. And now John Daniel takes daily possession from 12 noon until 6 p.m. of one of the lions' outdoor cages! Perhaps the ball had been placed in the lion's cage for cubs

The World of Women

IT was a pity that the Braemar Games were held in such wet conditions, for the next day in the North began a St. Martin's Summer of perfect weather. One got sun-browned as in July, and lived in the open. There were sheep dog trials at Dunrobin on a day so perfect that it was positive pleasure to be alive. The runs took place in the Dairy Park, a valley between two belts of dark pine woods, forming a vista through which one saw a turquoise-and-sapphire sea, merging into a sky of similar colour. The trials were arranged by Mr. Dudgeon of Crakaig, and were absorbingly interesting. The skill and patience of the little collies was wonderful. The exhibition run—by a dog that was fourth in the International Trials—was kept until the Castle party arrived. The collie penned his five sheep, and much laughter greeted the performance of a bellicose ewe which butted at the dog very aggressively, but had to take her place in the pen all the same. He then separated two sheep from three, and one from four, and kept them apart until he got the word to let them join up again. It was all very clever.

The spectators sat on the hillside, whence everyone had an excellent view of the proceedings. Forms were reserved for the Castle party, but were not used, the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland and their guests preferring seats on the hillside. The Duke looked very well in his kilt of Sutherland hunting tartan and his jacket of Sutherland hunting tweed, with a feather in his bonnet. Lord Chaplin's two sons were in kilts also, and one or two other men, but for the most part men from the Lodges were in tweed plus-four suits.

Wee boys, sons of Lord and Lady Ednam and of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Richard Hoare, looked fascinating in tiny kilts. The Duchess of Sutherland, who had been on horseback earlier in the day, was in brown tweed with a wide line check in russet, and was wearing a red felt hat. The Duchess of Portland, who motored

Perfectly tailored is this weatherproof coat, built of West of England covert coating. It hails from Elvery's, 31, Conduit Street, W. (See page 592.)

Lady Londonderry has been joined at Loch Choire by the Marquess, who was detained in Belfast. There is not much to shoot there this season, but the stalking is excellent, and there is angling, now at an end for the present. Lord and Lady Londonderry have rented a house at Brora for some seasons. This year they sub-let it until well on in September, when they intended their three little girls to occupy it and enjoy the bracing North Sea air.

Viscountess Cowdray, who does thoroughly all that she puts her mind to, has made a wonderful success of the gardens at Dunnecht. Fruit—hot-house and outdoors—rare ferns, and flowers abound. When Lord and Lady Cowdray bought Dunnecht, the house was surrounded for miles in every direction with fine forests. These have been most skilfully dealt with to afford light and fine vistas and beautiful walks and drives. While many land-owners are selling and clearing

over from Langwell, had on a long tan coat and a brown felt hat. Lady Millicent Hawes, who is always called in Sutherland "Duchess Millicent," was there, looking very well in a long brown coat and a turquoise-coloured felt hat. Lady Alastair Leveson-Gower was in brown, as was Miss Jean Combe, Lady Jane Combe's pretty daughter.

That "Duchess Millicent" is greatly beloved in the neighbourhood of her old home is little wonder. When motoring from Brora to Golspie the other day, she witnessed a nasty accident to a motor-cyclist whose machine got out of control and dashed into a bank. She stopped her car, and wanted to take the injured man in it to Golspie Hospital, and waited to know that he was not seriously hurt and could go on to Brora. Duchess Millicent's good works for the neighbourhood have borne splendid fruit, none better than her technical institution for sons of Ross and Sutherland crofters. Her nursing fund is still a blessing in the scattered neighbourhood, and her Highland Industries still go strong. In her day, as chatelaine at Dunrobin, she reigned there as a county queen. Her son, the present Duke, has sold much of his Sutherland property, and is credited with the intention of selling more.

out of their native counties, Lord and Lady Cowdray are buying estate after estate in Aberdeenshire and everywhere improving and giving employment. There is a large house-party at Dunnecht now.

Not much is heard of the so-called Southern Highlands of Scotland yet. New Galloway is a very beautiful district. Of course, the term Highland has nothing to do with altitude, but refers to all country north of a certain line of granite which crosses Scotland. The hills are not so imposing as those in the north, but they are very fine in outline. A South Highland girl came of age quite recently—Miss Murray Baillie, who succeeded to the estates of her father, Lieut.-Colonel F. D. Murray Baillie, last year, and is a great favourite. Festivities included a ball, a cricket match, and a dinner to tenants and employees. Several presentations were made to the young lady laird, and she made a charming little speech. Among those present were Lord and Lady Cassilis, Lord Lamington, Lord and Lady Sinclair, and Lady Rachel Howard. There was a garden-party in the beautiful grounds of Cally, Miss Murray Baillie's home, and the school-children were also entertained.

Everyone is looking forward to, the Prince of Wales's return on or about Oct. 9. He has been away so long and done so much for the Empire that he will have a great welcome back. It has been stated that his Royal Highness and Prince Henry will hunt during the coming season from Captain Michael Wardell's hunt club quarters at Melton Mowbray. The elder of Mrs. Michael Wardell's sons by her first marriage, Viscount Northland, is now in his thirteenth year. He spends a considerable part of his holiday time with his mother and step-father. Mrs. Wardell is in mourning just now for her brother, the late Sir William Cooper. He is succeeded by his son, who desires to be known as Sir Daniel Cooper, the name of the first Baronet, who was greatly distinguished in New South Wales. His wife, the Hon. Lady Cooper, is a daughter of the late Viscount Long; they have a family of handsome children. The Prince has stayed before for hunting at this luxurious club, and greatly liked it.

A. E. L.



Here are inspirations which the clever needlewoman can carry out perfectly with the aid of Xantha, a new material which is ideal for lingerie. Obtainable in the loveliest colours, it is an artificial silk fabric with a self stripe of mock hemstitching, and will not ladder. (See page 592.)

SOCIAL PROBLEMS

4.



Fougasse

A, who has given instructions before leaving home for his bag to meet him at the station, finds, when he comes to dress at the Jones' for their dinner and dance, that, owing to some slight confusion as to which bag he wanted, he is faced with the alternatives of appearing either in the plus-fours he has just taken off, or in six complete sets of winter woollens.

What should A do?

Naturally—LIGHT AN ABDULLA.

Fougasse.

ABDULLA SUPERB CIGARETTES

Turkish

Egyptian

Virginia

Fashions and Fancies.

"Eton Crops" and Decorative Ear-rings.

becoming increasingly fashionable. Black onyx and crystal, Chinese jade and platinum—the possibilities are endless; and at J. C. Vickery's, Regent Street, W., is to be found a wonderful collection. There is a pair of beautifully carved "Buddhas" carried out in Chinese jade and pearl, and an exquisite set takes the form of bunches of pearl grapes encircled with rock crystal. Those pictured on this page are obtainable in red, green, or blue agate, or in black onyx and diamonds. The price is £5 10s., and £1 18s. 6d. will secure a lovely pair of faceted rock crystal set in gold, suitable for pierced or unpierced ears.

As the vogue for "Eton" cropped heads grows daily, long, decorative ear-rings are becoming increasingly fashionable. Black onyx and crystal, Chinese jade and platinum—the possibilities are endless; and at J. C. Vickery's, Regent Street, W., is to be found a wonderful collection. There is a pair of beautifully carved "Buddhas" carried out in Chinese jade and pearl, and an exquisite set takes the form of bunches of pearl grapes encircled with rock crystal. Those pictured on this page are obtainable in red, green, or blue agate, or in black onyx and diamonds. The price is £5 10s., and £1 18s. 6d. will secure a lovely pair of faceted rock crystal set in gold, suitable for pierced or unpierced ears.

Jewellery with Useful Purposes.

Nowadays jewellery plays an indispensable part in the toilette. All the necessary accessories for the evening, for instance, can be contained in the vanity case on the right, of solid silver bordered with blue enamel and fastened with sapphires. It is obtainable for the surprisingly moderate sum of £2 18s. 6d., at Vickery's, where there are combined

The vogue of long earrings is well illustrated by this attractive pair fashioned of red agate, which are from Vickery's.

cigarette and powder cases, pendant-shaped vanity boxes, etc., in rich profusion. Pretty lingerie clasps can be obtained from £1 19s. 6d. a set of four. Then there are novel sleeve-links such as those pictured here, which are £7 10s. the set, carried out in gold and enamel. An illustrated book of fascinating jewellery and happy suggestions for gifts and souvenirs

will be sent on request to all who apply mentioning the name of this paper.

Weatherproof Coats for the Autumn.

At this season of the year a really good weatherproof coat is essential to every active woman's wardrobe. Ideal for all weathers is the "Mentmore" sketched on page 590. Obtainable in real West of England coverts, rainproofed by a special process, it hails from Elvery's, 31, Conduit Street, W., a firm famous for everything that is waterproof. Many colourings are available, and models are being offered at the specially reduced prices of 69s. 6d., 79s. 6d., and 98s. 6d. A note must be made of the fact that these coats can be re-proofed after several years' wear. Silk waterproofs in lovely shades range from 49s. 6d. to 3½ guineas, and the "Zephyr-mac," a reliable protection in any weather, is only 29s. 6d. Models will be sent on approval on receipt of the usual trade references.

A New Material for Lingerie.

Nowadays, to make pretty lingerie at home is an easy matter, for only the simple styles are fashionable. A new material which is ideal for this purpose has just made its début. It is Xantha, a knitted artificial silk with a self stripe of mock hem-stitching running through it. This fabric, soft and supple as silk, will not ladder, and washes and wears splendidly. Lovely colours, light and dark, are available,



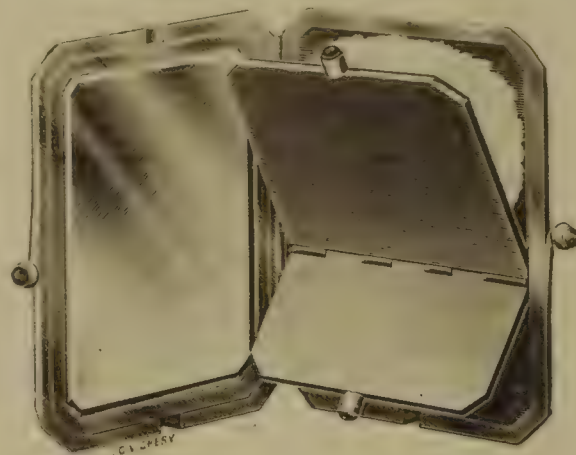
These novel links in gold and enamel may be seen in the salons of J. C. Vickery, Regent Street, W.

and, as it is 47—48 inches wide, a very few yards are required to fashion pretty lingerie such as that sketched by our artist on page 590. Xantha, already made

up or by the yard, may be obtained from all drapers of prestige. Should any difficulty be experienced, however, application should be made to Courtaulds, 19, Aldermanbury, E.C., manufacturers also of the famous Luvisca fabric, whose name is a familiar word in all households.

"On with the Dance!"

"For Autumn Dances" is the title of a new brochure issued by Dickens and Jones, Regent Street, W., and the pages include illustrations of many



For autumn dances and dinners is this compact vanity case in silver outlined with blue enamel. It has a place for everything, and must be placed to the credit of Vickery's.

attractive frocks at very inexpensive prices. There are several at 6 guineas each, expressed in embroidered georgette or marocain, and showing the gracefully flaring silhouette; while 98s. 6d. secures a charming affair of silk georgette with a fluted apron skirt. The same moderate sum will acquire a graceful dinner gown for the older woman carried out in silk broché marocain, the bodice following the becoming cross-over lines and the skirt reinforced with panels of georgette. Medium and out sizes are available. The frocks are obtainable in many lovely colours and black, so that no time should be lost before applying for a copy of this useful little book. It will be sent gratis and post free to all who apply mentioning the name of this paper.

Sporting Lore

LONDON.

NO. 6,092

SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1845.

Many freakish things have been attempted by sportsmen of the past. The following is a good example.

At an inn in Aylesbury were gathered a party of sportsmen, and the topic veered round to a little grey horse called "Charlie." One of them, turning to a certain Charlie Symonds, gave as his opinion that "Charlie" could walk up the stairs of the inn. Permission to attempt it was obtained, and the gallant grey made light of the feat, moreover, he was induced to leap over the backs of two chairs. A sporting farmer named J. Leech Manning, then undertook to ride him bare-backed and jump the table during dinner. This he actually did, and then, turning him round, repeated the performance amidst much shouting and applause.



PERFECT whisky takes years to produce and it cannot be achieved in shorter time. It also calls for a grade of spirit, so good at the outset, that the process of maturing is entered upon under the best auspices possible. The third requirement is the art of the blender, so subtle and so expert, so constant and so close in its watchfulness over minute details. If you would know the superior flavour of perfect whisky, choose

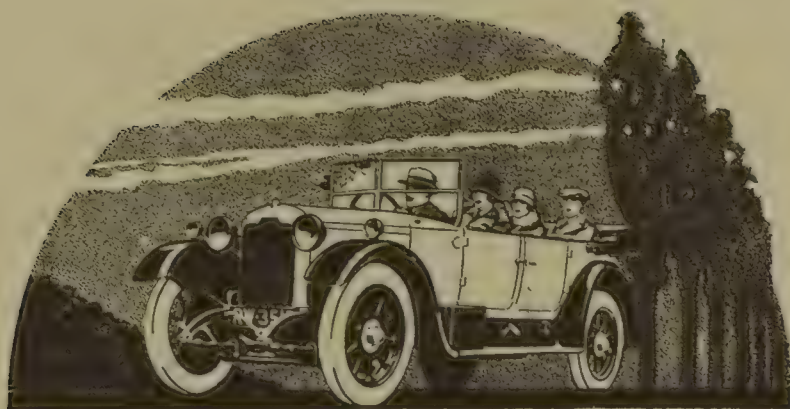
"Red Tape" The Whisky

If you do not know where to obtain it locally, send us your cheque for £7 16s. 0d., and we will forward a case of 12 bottles through our nearest Agents.

Obtainable from
The Victoria Wine Co., Ltd.,
12/20, Osborn St., E.1
and at all their branches.

Sole Proprietors:
BAIRD-TAYLOR BROS., LTD.,
68, Bath Street, GLASGOW,
SCOTLAND.





1926 will be a **ROVER** Year!

The reasons why will be
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Olympia, Oct. 9-17, on
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*"Sweet - running
as a perfect Six"*

9/20 h.p.

*"Its tax is 9 —
its power is 20"*

Each model is the best
proposition in its class.
Don't fail to see them.

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ROVER IS BRITISH ALL THROUGH

THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

AT THE PROMENADES.

IT is a welcome sign of the ever-increasing interest in music to find that the Promenade Concerts at the Queen's Hall this year are doing better business than ever. During the past weeks the house has been frequently sold out, and even on the less popular nights, those nights when, according to the general experience of places of amusement, the public seem as a matter of habit to stay at home, the attendances have been good. Tuesday is such a night, for example, and it was with this in mind that Sir Henry Wood and his collaborators chose to add to the attractiveness of Tuesdays by specialising in the works of Haydn and Mozart on those nights, and thus making an appeal to a special audience. This policy has been largely successful, and on a recent Tuesday the booking was so heavy that Press tickets had not been sent out, and it was only owing to the courtesy of Mr. Robert Newman that I found a seat. The large attendance on this occasion was no doubt partly due to the fact that Miss Myra Hess was the soloist, for Miss Hess is to-day perhaps the most popular of our own pianists.

Miss Myra Hess gave a delightful performance of Mozart's rarely played A major Concerto, "K 488." Mozart's pianoforte concertos are extremely difficult to play effectively, owing to our being accustomed to a very much more powerful pianoforte tone than was at his disposal in the instruments of his day. The strings, on the other hand, have not changed, and that is one reason why his symphonies sound

more effective than his pianoforte concertos. Another is that the lack of sustaining power which is the peculiar characteristic of a percussion instrument like the pianoforte is shown up much more vividly by the clear Mozartian melodic style of writing. Since the time of Liszt composers have learned how to cover up and disguise this defect of the pianoforte

by all sorts of devices. Thus to-day Mozart's pianoforte concertos have a certain thinness of body which is most conspicuous in the pianoforte part, and only the greatest artistry in the pianist can overcome this, and reveal to us the extraordinary charm of the music, for these concertos do actually contain some of his most beautiful ideas. The Siciliana of this A major Concerto, for example, is ravishingly lovely, and it lost nothing at Miss Myra Hess's hands.

There have been some remarkably good performances at these concerts this year. Miss Jelly d'Aranyi, from whom we are accustomed to expect good things, really almost surpassed herself in her excellent performance of the Brahms Violin Concerto. Here was temperament, fire, and musical intelligence superbly served by a technical virtuosity of a very high order. We all know that unparalleled horror, the violinist with a temperament, a passionate fervour, that is dramatic, not musical; since it allows him (or her) to afflict our ears with the most excruciatingly unpleasant tone and impure intonation in the holy cause of expression. And I am not referring to the crude examples of this onesidedness. I am thinking of many violinists of high repute who cause me intolerable agony, although their performances are often greeted with immense enthusiasm. But Miss Jelly d'Aranyi is not one of these violinists. She is really musical, and knows that beauty of tone and impeccable intonation must be preserved at all times and in the most exacting passages. It is obvious that she has the genuine artist's passion for perfection, for she has immensely improved, even within my experience. And this improvement must be entirely due

(Continued overleaf.)



COMMEMORATING THE DEPARTURE OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS FOR HOLLAND IN 1609:

A MONUMENT CONTAINING AMERICAN GRANITE UNVEILED NEAR IMMINGHAM.

At Killingholme Creek (on the Lincolnshire coast near Immingham), where the Pilgrim Fathers embarked for Holland in 1609, the Lord Mayor of Hull unveiled a few days ago a monument erected by the Anglo-American Society of Hull. Many representatives of Britain, Holland, and the United States were present. The memorial contains a piece of granite (presented by the Sulgrave Institution of U.S.A.), from Plymouth Rock, New England, where the Pilgrim Fathers landed in 1620. After spending eleven years in Holland, they sailed from Plymouth in the "Mayflower" on September 6, 1620, and reached Plymouth Rock on December 21.—[Photo. Central Press.]

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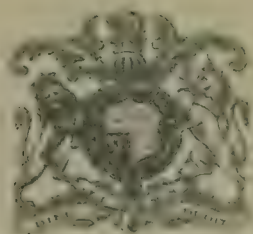


WINTER GARDEN.

HOTEL PLAZA, ROME.

THE LATEST HOTEL OF HIGH STANDARD.

BUCHANAN'S



BY APPOINTMENT



"BLACK & WHITE"



"BUCHANAN'S LIQUEUR"

(Continued.)

to herself, for she has long ago had sufficient applause to think that she had nothing more to achieve.

A performance of a totally different kind, but in its way remarkable for two of Miss d'Aranyi's qualities, verve and virtuosity, was Mr. Arthur de Greef's playing of Liszt's "Hungarian Fantasia." There are some musical compositions which, I confess, I should not like to hear Mr. de Greef play—or I should go to hear him in a state of considerable nervous agitation. Mozart's D minor Concerto and Beethoven's G minor Concerto are two of them. But as it is extremely unlikely that Mr. de Greef will ever choose to play either of those compositions, I am free unreservedly to admire him. I admire his splendid Flemish vulgarity. I say "Flemish" rather than "Belgian," because that cannot be offensive, as we have all long ago decided that Flemish vulgarity is a thing to itself—unique, paralytically effective, and completely subversive of all our anæmic Gallic standards. When we say "Flemish," we think of Rubens and Verhaeren—and Mr. de Greef cannot but feel complimented when I add—and de Greef. Of course, Mr. de Greef could have done nothing without that Grand Old Master of vulgarity, Liszt. But he did justice to Liszt; he did not miss a single chance, but let us have the whole Fantasia in all its roaring, blatant, eight-cylinder, fifty-horse-power flamboyancy. That takes some doing, for, again, it cannot be achieved by mere temperament. It is Mr. de Greef's extraordinarily clear, not to say hard, head, strong wrists, and digital dexterity that enable him to "put it across" in the admirable way he does. Another noteworthy performance was M. Maurice

Dambois' playing of Haydn's Concerto No. 1 in D for Violoncello and Orchestra. M. Dambois has a beautiful tone, and all the silky finish of the best French school, but his playing rather lacks character.

The new music has been, without exception, disappointing. Probably the best of the novelties so far has been the "Three Preludes" from Hans Pfitzner's opera, "Palestrina." Pfitzner is a very

composition, Paul Graener, was one of the worst examples I have ever heard of misapplied ingenuity. It was a composition for which there was absolutely nothing whatever to be said. Equally tedious, but less offensive, was Mr. E. Norman Hay's tone-poem, "Dunluce." This was an example of the long-drawn-out, romantic, hazy, harmonic carpet of sounds at which we are kept gazing until we are completely befogged, and the composition seems to have neither end nor beginning. Yet it was evident that Mr. Hay was a serious and well-intentioned musician. But he must beware of this meandering, melancholy vein, pull himself out of his harmonic trance, and endeavour to write concisely, pithily, and with greater definition.

After hearing Parry's "English Suite" again, I am beginning to think that the late Sir Hubert Parry is one of our most underrated composers. I have always had a sneaking regard for the personality of this composer, although I admit that some of his music has struck me as dull in the past. But certainly the "English Suite" is, in its way, absolutely first-rate stuff. Here we have flavour, point, vividness, superb workmanship. It makes me wonder what the rest of Parry's hidden compositions are like. I hear that Mr. Adrian Boult is going to perform Parry's "Job" at Birmingham this autumn, and I must confess I should like to go and hear it, and will certainly do so if I am able. I once read a biography, or perhaps a biographical article of some sort, which contained a number of really remarkable sayings of Parry. If they had been by Wagner they would have been quoted everywhere as aphorisms of genius. I have a feeling that Parry missed being a very big man by very little indeed.—W. J. TURNER.



APPARENTLY UNCONCERNED BY THE BUILDINGS AND MACHINERY CLOSE BY: A SCHOOL OF SEALS ON A BEACH IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

This photograph reaches us from a correspondent at Long Beach, California. No particulars are given, and it is not stated whether the seals are protected, or whether it is an unusual occurrence for them to bask on the shore apparently quite unconcerned by the proximity of buildings and machinery.

able and accomplished German musician, somewhat resembling our own Sir Edward Elgar. He is an excellent craftsman, and has a considerable dramatic sense, but the actual thematic material of his music lacks distinction. An incredibly harsh and tedious set of variations on the well-known Russian "Song of the Volga Boatmen," by a German professor of

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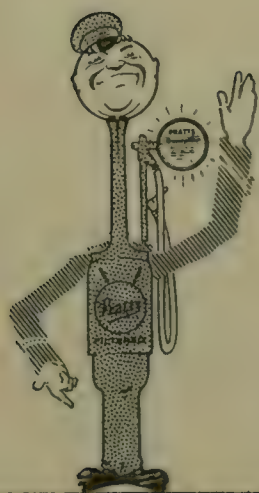
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Design in
America.

There are not wanting signs that the American motor-manufacturer, who certainly cannot be accused of a want of foresight, is looking forward to the time when his own country has reached what is known as saturation point in regard to its possibilities as a motor market. According to the most recently available statistics, there are at present in use in the United States over fifteen million motor vehicles, which represents rather more than one vehicle to every eight persons of the population. Obviously, the country cannot absorb cars at the rate it has been doing, and when we know the huge outputs of the bigger factories—many of them turn out as many cars in a day as most British makers do in a year—it becomes a matter of certainty that, unless the American industry can find an overseas outlet for its production, it must very greatly curtail its activity.

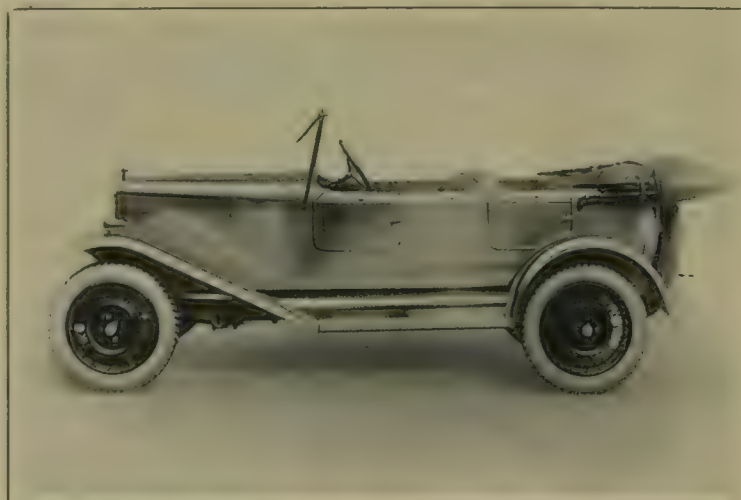
There appears to be a marked tendency in the

with United States practice are, in more than one case, being supplanted by something more in line with the taxation requirements of Europe, and particularly Great Britain. It surely cannot be that the American motorist is asking for the change, since there is very little object in his doing so. Taxation does not hit him in the direction it does us. His fuel is so relatively cheap that a few miles more or less to the gallon is not a vital consideration. It is more difficult to build the small engine to give a certain power output than it is to construct the big one with a huge margin for satisfactory performance. Therefore, there must be a reason for the tendency to which I have referred, and it would seem that this is to be mainly accounted for by the fact that the American manufacturer sees that he is approaching the end of his own country's capacity for rapid absorption, and is getting ready to swamp the European markets. It may also be noted that the enormous success achieved by one American concern which has marketed in this country a comparatively small six-cylinder car—the Essex—has given the others some food for thought. However this may be, and whatever the reasons, I think it seems reasonably certain that before long our own industry will have to face yet more strenuous competition from across the Atlantic.

"Lights Out." The *Motor*

records several instances in which members of its staff have observed cars being driven at night with all the lights extinguished, and expresses the opinion that the drivers concerned could hardly have been unaware that they were lightless. As a matter of fact, it

is quite easy to commit this offence in towns. It sometimes happens that on a badly lighted road one switches on the headlights for a moment in order to



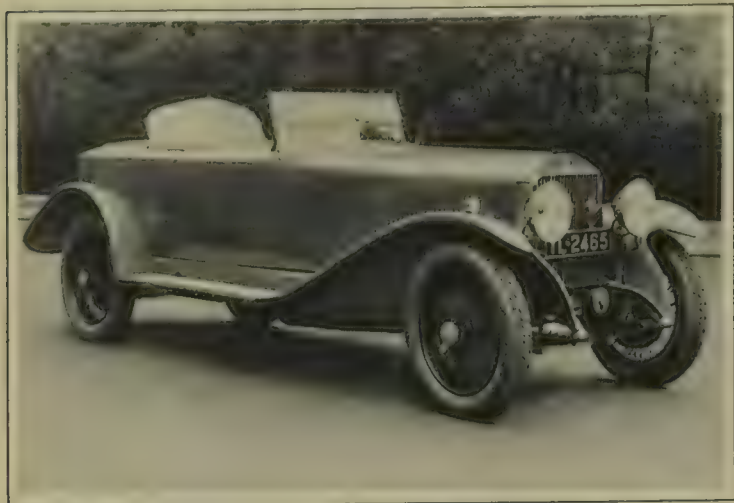
A NEW LEA-FRANCIS MODEL: THE 12-40-H.P. FOUR-SEATER "SPORTS CAR (PRICE £375).

distinguish some real or fancied obstruction which seems to loom up in the road. One then switches back to the side-lamps, and with certain types of switch it is quite possible to stop between contacts without noticing that the car is now lightless. I know it is, because it actually happened to me on the Embankment shortly after midnight only a week ago. I had put on the headlights momentarily, and after putting them out, proceeded on my way completely ignorant of the fact that all my lights were out until I was hailed from the pavement by somebody—probably a policeman—who wanted to know what about it. In extenuation, I may say it was a wet night, and the street lamps were throwing reflections all over the place, and my side-lamps are rather under-powered, being of little use as driving lights, and merely serving to let other people know of my approach.

No Austin
Amalgamation.

So the merger between the Austin Company and General Motors is not to be consummated, and the former is to continue its activities as in the past.

[Continued overleaf.]



A MAGNIFICENT EXAMPLE OF ITALIAN ENGINEERING AND COACH-BUILDING: A RECENTLY COMPLETED ISOTTA FRASCHINI TOURING CAR.

American trade to swing towards the comparatively small motor characteristic of European practice. The big "woolly" engines we have hitherto associated

extinguished, and expresses the opinion that the drivers concerned could hardly have been unaware that they were lightless. As a matter of fact, it

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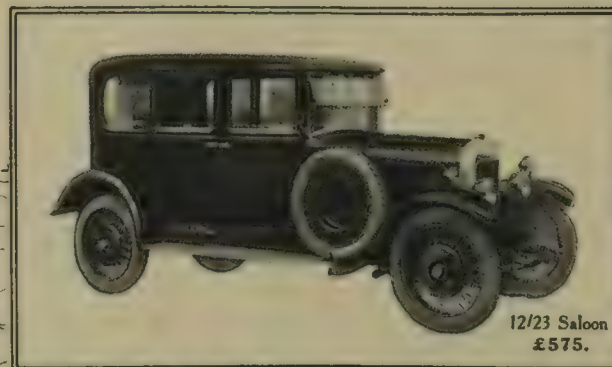
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W.

Continued.

Without exhibiting any curiosity as to the business reasons which underlie the failure of the negotiations, I think it is rather a pity, from some points of view, that the amalgamation is not to be. If I am anywhere near the mark in my appreciation of the trend of things in America, it would have been a good thing for the British industry that one or two great fusions of manufacturing concerns should have taken place. It is impossible for us to compete with the tremendous outputs of the United States unless we can manufacture in numbers something like comparable with those of the American factories, and this can only be achieved by such amalgamations as I have indicated.

Tyre Insurance. One of the great insurance companies has evolved a tyre insurance scheme, under which, apparently, by a system of coupon insurance the motorist can cover himself against burst tyres and "blow-outs." The scheme applies only to new tyres of British make, and the idea is that when you buy a new tyre you can, for a payment of 6d. per £1 value, secure a coupon insuring that tyre against the risks specified for a period of twelve months. Should the tyre burst, you can take the cover and the coupon to a tyre "stockist," and there have fitted a new tube and cover, free of cost to yourself. On the face of it, the idea seems to have its merits. However, it is impossible to pronounce upon it until after it has had an extended trial.

W. W.

Destiny figures not seldom in fiction, but generally as an abstract idea. The writer of a new American story, however, takes the bold step of introducing the Author of destiny as a character in his prologue. The novel in question is "Destiny," by Rupert Hughes. (Hurst and Blackett; 7s. 6d. net.) It opens with a group of angels, somewhere in "a sky above the sky," scoffing at the frailties of human nature. God decides to put them to the test, and two of them are sent to earth to see whether they can improve on human conduct. One displaces the soul of a beautiful girl of refined upbringing and stormy temperament; the other enters into a coarse, rustic artisan, living in the wilds where murderous feuds are waged between hostile families. These two strongly contrasted types are brought together, and a theory that the soul, imprisoned in the body, is forced by it to good or evil, is worked out in the relations between the two angels in human form. The story is sensational both in style and incident.

CHESS.

T K WIGAN (Woking).—You will be interested to know that your anticipation of the effect of the trap in No. 3963 has been fulfilled to the letter. The curious point is that some really good solvers are to be numbered amongst its victims.

P R WOODMORE (Woolwich).—It seems a pity that, having such an admirable maxim in your mind, you did not pay more regard to it. If in future you will round it off by adding, "and checks are not legal tender," you may some day arrive at a correct solution of a problem. Meanwhile, consider this: 1. B to Q R 4th (ch), P to B 3rd; 2. Kt takes P, R to Kt 4th—and where is mate?

P J WOOD (Wakefield).—Thanks for further contribution, which we trust to find useful. It is, perhaps, a little light in texture, but has points of interest.

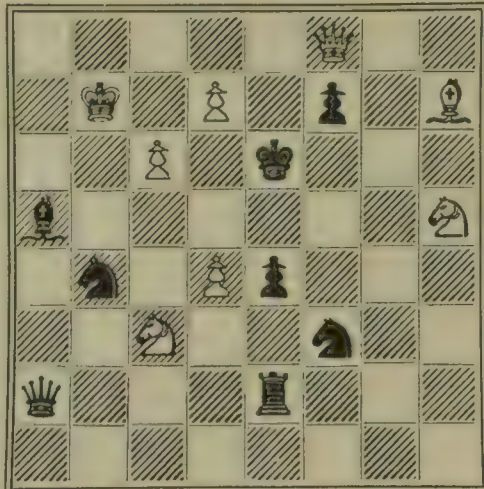
E T RUTHERFORD (Montreal).—The very simple reply of P to Q 4th frustrates your proposed solution of No. 3962. White's Queen is then doubly barred from giving mate on K R 2nd.

JULIO MOND (Seville).—We are much obliged for the problem you have sent us, and hope to find it right for publication.

C A ROWLEY (Yatton).—Your solution of No. 3963 is a curious mixture. You give two moves of the correct solution, but in the wrong order, and your second move is quite ineffective against 2. — R takes P.

S A MUNDY (Mere).—In No. 3964 you have played the right piece, but to the wrong square. There is, moreover, only one defence to your move, the rather clever one of 1. — B to Kt 4th.

PROBLEM No. 3965.—By C. R. B. SUMNER.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3963.—By L. W. CAFFERATA.

WHITE

1. B to B 2nd
2. Kt to Q R 6th
3. Mates accordingly.

If, 1. — R takes B at Kt 4th; 2. Kt to B 6th, etc.

An inviting position that looks easier than it actually is, and possessing a snare that has brought not a few solvers to grief. The only defence to Kt to B 6th as a solution is R to B 4th—a reply readily escaping attention and, by its subtlety, adding a merit to the problem.

BLACK

R takes B (at B 7th)
Anything

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3959 received from Lieut.-Col. Olden (Hobart); of No. 3960 from Horace E McFarland (St. Louis, Mo.); of No. 3961 from Morris Shapiro (Matlahambre, Cuba), and H E McFarland (St. Louis, Mo.); of No. 3962 from J W Smedley (Brooklyn, New York), Rev. A D Meares (Baltimore), and H E McFarland (St. Louis); of No. 3963 from R B Pearce (Happisburgh), A Edmeston (Worsley), H Burgess (St. Leonards-on-Sea), E Pinkney (Driffield), and Julio Mond (Seville); and of No. 3964 from Rev. W Scott (Elgin), D R A Hotchkiss (Faisley), J C Kruse (Ravenscourt Park), W C Smith (Northampton), L W Cafferata (Farndon), J Hunter (Leicester), G H Dawsey (Sunderland), C B S (Canterbury), J C Stackhouse (Torquay), R P Nicholson (Crayke), J P Smith (Cricklewood), J T Bridge (Colchester), C H Watson (Masham), M S Maughan (Barton-on-Sea), W Kirkman (Hereford), S Caldwell (Hove), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), H Burgess (St. Leonards-on-Sea), P J Wood (Wakefield), H W Satow (Bangor), A Edmeston (Worsley), R Webster (Bristol), R B N (Tewkesbury), and E J Gibbs (East Ham).

CHESS IN ENGLAND.

Game played at Stratford-on-Avon in the Championship Tournament of the British Chess Federation, between Messrs. H. SAUNDERS and F. D. YATES.

(King's Fianchetto Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. Y.)	WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. Y.)
1. P to K Kt 3rd	P to K 4th	19. Q to K 2nd	Kt to K Kt 3rd
2. B to Kt 2nd	Kt to K B 3rd		
3. P to Q 3rd	P to Q 4th		
4. Kt to K B 3rd	B to Q 3rd		
5. Kt to B 3rd	P to B 3rd		
6. Castles	P to K R 3rd		
7. P to K 4th	Castles		
8. Kt to K R 4th			

The theory of this opening is that of manœuvring for small advantages, but here the advantage is conceded to the second player. The text move is altogether premature, and should at least have been withheld until after P to K R 3rd.

8.	B to K Kt 5th
9. P to B 3rd	B to K 3rd
10. K to R sq	K to R 2nd
11. Kt to B 5th	B to B 2nd
12. Kt to K 2nd	Q Kt to Q 2nd
13. P to K Kt 4th	K Kt to Kt sq
14. Q to K sq	P to K Kt 3rd
15. B to R 3rd	

A more than ingenious defence. If now, 15. — P takes Kt, 16. P takes P, not only wins back the piece, but gives a very good game to boot.

15.	P to K Kt 4th
16. Q Kt to Kt 3rd	P to B 3rd
17. P to Kt 3rd	Kt to K 2nd
18. B to R 3rd	P to B 4th

The Kt comes into play with remarkable effect. White is compelled to give his B in exchange, and is then left with a badly compromised position.

The aggressiveness of Black's Bishops is in striking contrast to the helplessness of White's Knights.

20. B to B sq	Kt to B 5th
21. B takes Kt	K P takes B
22. P takes P	B takes P
23. Kt to K 4th	R to K sq
24. K R to Q sq	Kt to K 4th
25. B to Kt 2nd	B to Kt 3rd

Conclusive. The pressure exercised by Black is a good example of sound strategy, and the opposition is, so to speak, squeezed to death.

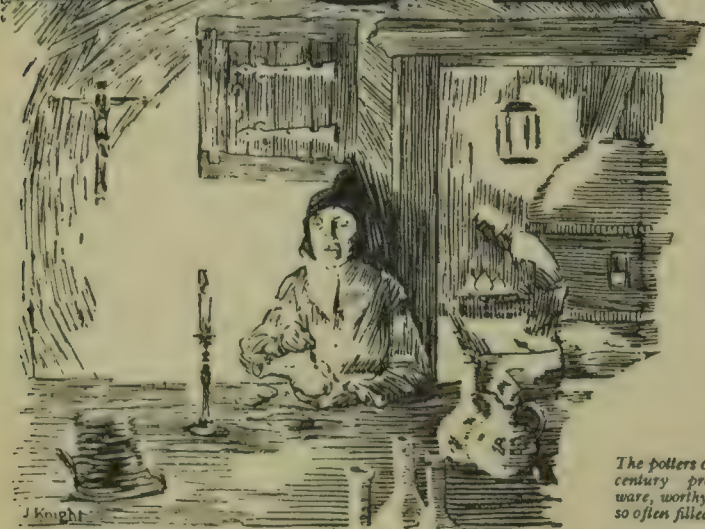
35. Q to B 2nd	R to K 6th
36. B to K 2nd	Q R to K sq
37. K to B sq	B takes P

and wins.

In a tournament just held at Nice, the French championship was won for the second year in succession by M. Crepau, with a score of 6½ out of a possible 8.

The seventy-third Winter Season of the City of London Chess Club will commence on Wednesday, Oct. 21, at 2, Wardrobe Court, E.C.4, when Mr. F. D. Yates will give an exhibition of simultaneous play on twenty boards. The championship and four other tournaments for all classes will commence on Oct. 27, in which numerous prizes, from ten guineas downwards, will be given. The Hon. Sec. will be happy to send full particulars on receipt of a postcard.

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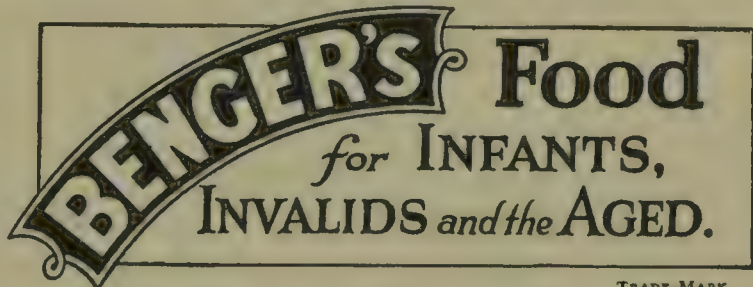
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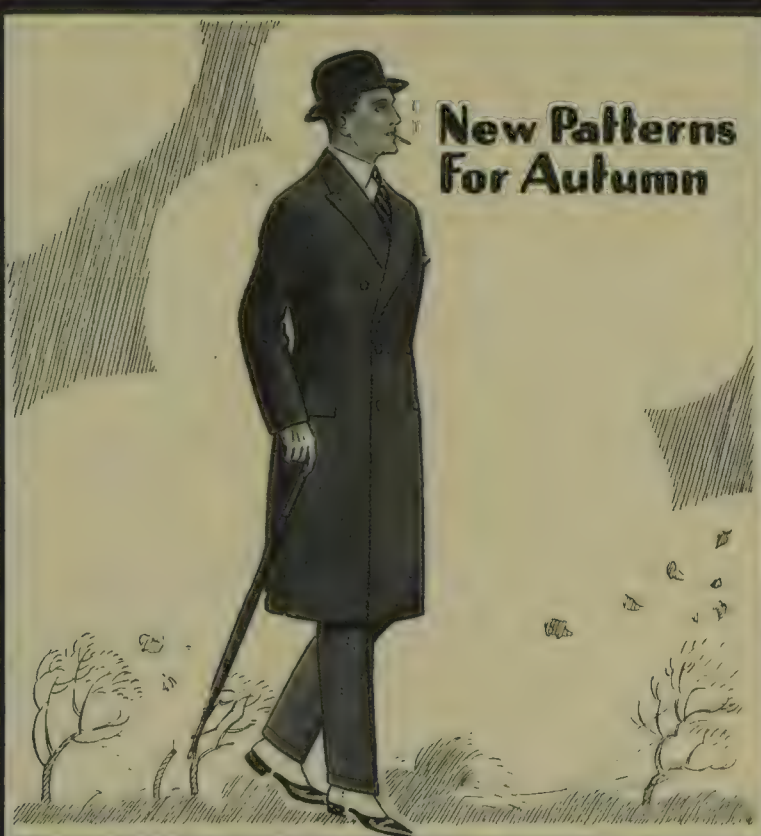
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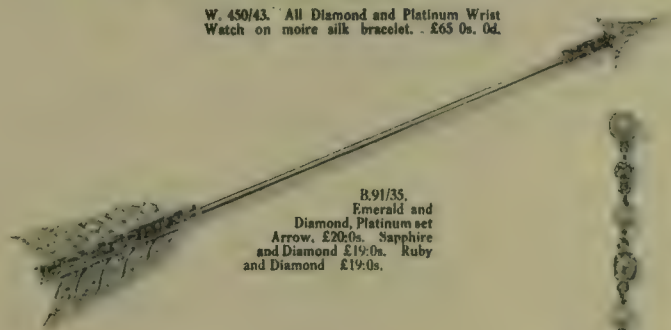
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SIGNOR PIRANDELLO'S English vogue is growing. Originally a pet of the "highbrows" and then a protégé of Mr. Cochran, he has now passed into the charge of Mr. Nigel Playfair, and so we have the spectacle of the stage exponent of the doctrine of relativity providing an amusing evening's entertainment at the Lyric, Hammersmith. The choice of Mr. Playfair has fallen on one of the newest and wildest of the Pirandello conundrums, "And That's the Truth, If you Think It is," the story of which must by this time be fairly familiar. Mother-in-law who says that her daughter's husband suffers from a delusion, and pretends that his first wife is really a second wife, and for that reason keeps her secluded so that she cannot be identified; husband who declares that it is his mother-in-law who suffers from hallucination, and that really the old lady's daughter died some years ago, though she cannot be made to accept the fact—these are the rival protagonists between whose stories and claims to sanity the audience is asked to decide and cannot. Round and round their conflicting views the comedy is wound in more and more baffling involutions, while incidentally the cruelty of a group of provincial gossips is brutally exposed. At the end the wife is brought on veiled to offer an explanation which leaves the truth still maddeningly relative. She is to husband and mother, to you and me, what all and each like to believe her to be. Who is she then? Is she real or a phantom? You may decide as you please. "Thinking makes it so." Whether in the two leading rôles Mr. Claude Rains's intensity is not a little too intense, and Miss Nancy Price's pathos a little too affecting for the balance of the play, Pirandellists must be left to

decide; but certainly in some of the minor parts the English cast resorts to exaggeration. Mr. Nigel Playfair, despite his startling blue trousers, keeps both his head and his sense of humour.

The Swiss Federal Railways have inaugurated a service of saloon cars of the latest pattern, and the

first of these runs on the express trains between Basle and Coire. The cars are divided into two large compartments, one for smokers and the other for non-smokers, each seating seventeen passengers in luxurious arm-chairs. The windows are so designed as to allow of almost unobstructed view on both sides of the line. The interior decorative work, too, is most attractive. Only first-class passengers are allowed in these cars, and a supplementary charge of 2 fr. per 100 km. (60 miles) is made. Seats may be reserved in advance on payment of a booking fee of 1 franc.

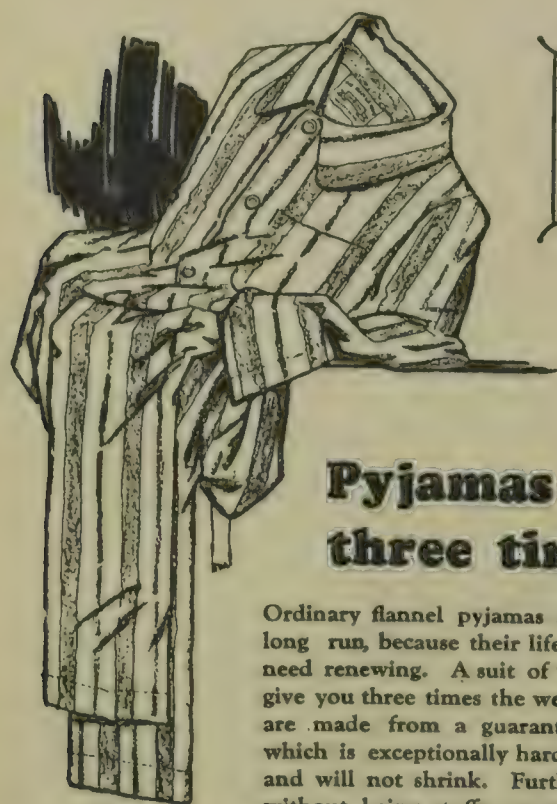


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Mr. Lloyd George opened the new Liberal land campaign, on September 17, at a great open-air demonstration at Killerton Park, near Exeter, the seat of Mr. F. D. Acland, who presided. Mr. Lloyd George spoke from the terrace of the house, and his speech was broadcast to various points in the park. He advocated a new system of land tenure under State ownership, to be known as cultivating tenure, instead of the present system of landlord and tenant, and contended that such a scheme would solve the problem of unemployment. His speech was based on researches carried out during the past two years by a committee of experts, and shortly to be published. The plan has been adversely criticised.—[Photograph by I.B.]

The sugar beet harvesting season is now in full swing. The growth of this industry in Britain has been very rapid, and some measure of its extent may be gathered from the fact that on the L.N.E.R. last year only three factories existed, whereas this year eight factories are now working in the same area. The L.N.E.R. make special arrangements for transit in connection with this industry, the eastern portion of England and Scotland being specially suitable for the growing of the beet crop. Last year 22,000 acres of beet yielded 24,000 tons of sugar.

A prize of £200 is offered by the Editor of the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News* for a correct forecast of the two winners of this year's Cesarewitch and the Cambridgeshire. Every reader of the *Sporting and Dramatic* is invited to take part in the contest, by filling in the special coupon issued weekly with that paper. Several attempts to win the £200 may be made, provided that each entry is on a separate coupon. All entries must reach the *Sporting and Dramatic* offices, 172, Strand, London, W.C.2, not later than the last post on Tuesday, October 13.



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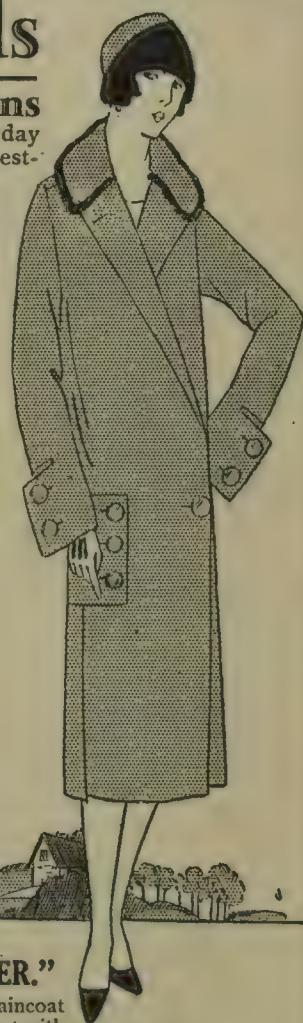
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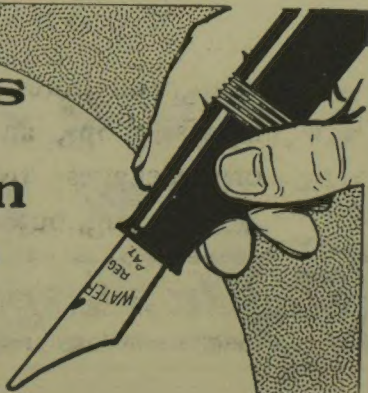
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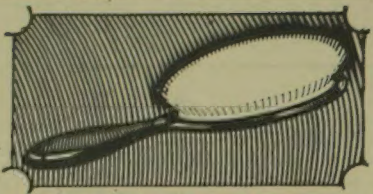
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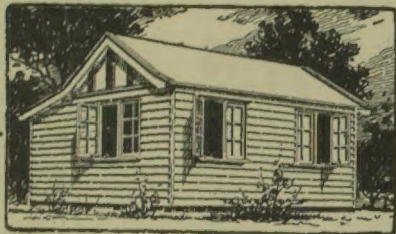
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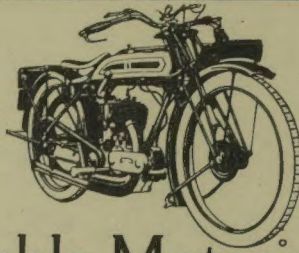
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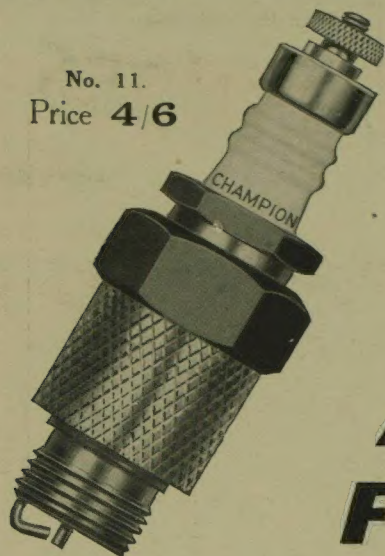
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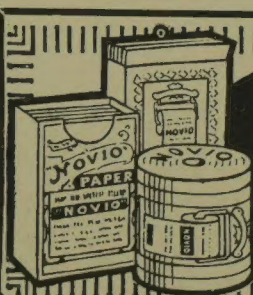
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